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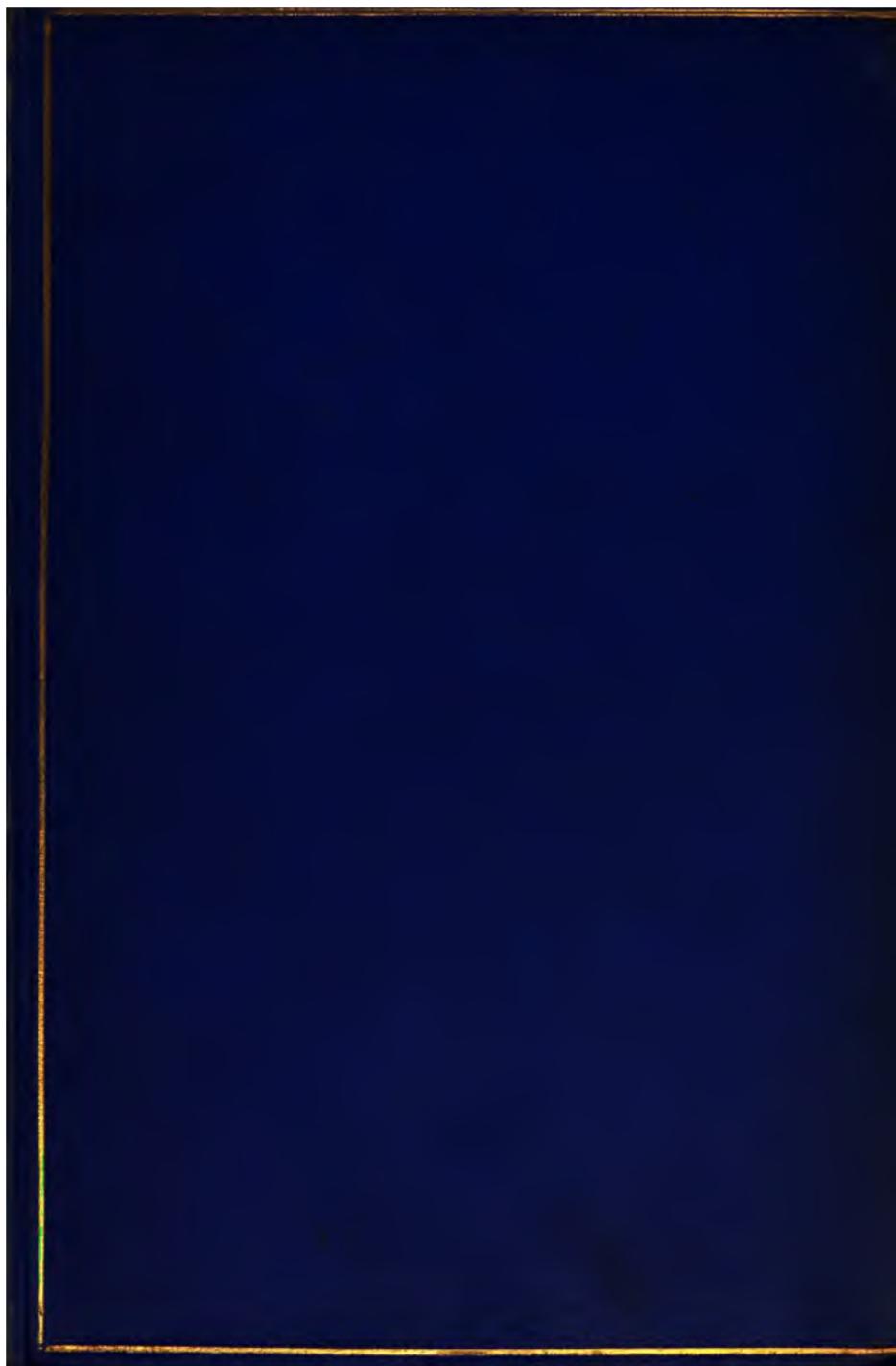
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To

Charlotte H. Tattersall,

These Poems are presented
by her affectionate friend
the Author.

Poems,
MORAL, RELIGIOUS, AND
MISCELLANEOUS.

BY THE
REV. JAMES TWEED, M.A.,
AUTHOR OF "HOMILIES ON THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT."

"One in whose mind the serious and the light
Were strangely mixed, like spirits black and white."

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P R E F A C E.

I HOPE my reader will bear with a little egotism, while I give some account of myself as well as of the poems here presented to him. "Quem legis, ut nōris, accipe," as Ovid said, who supposed that his readers would take the more interest in his poems from having made them acquainted with himself.

Though I was not "born a poet," I had almost from my birth a predisposition to poetry, and was at least a versifier from my childhood; and some lines that I made at a very early age upon a favourite cat brought me into notice with my own family, by whom I had been rather kept in the background. I recited them to my eldest sister, who entered them and others, as I made them, into a little book; she also corrected my rhymes when they were faulty. My father, who was a sanguine and hopeful man, was much pleased with my verses, and imagined that a versifying child might in time

develope into a poet. He had a taste for poetry himself, and was familiar with the writings of Milton, Shakspeare, Dryden, Pope, &c., from which he occasionally made apt quotations. That my verses were not good in themselves, he must have known, but he saw in them a promise of something better, and his praise and encouragement led me to write others, which were an improvement upon these. Upon the loss of my twin sister, I ventured to make Death my subject, and wrote a few verses upon it, which were thought "not bad." Soon after, taking a higher flight, I commenced a poem upon the "Invasion," then threatened by the first Napoleon. These I left unfinished upon my removal to school, seeing the length to which they would have led me, and having other things to do. After the battle of Trafalgar, I took for my subject "The Death of Nelson," and on this completed a poem of from fifty to one hundred lines. It was in blank verse, for I had now learned to admire Milton, whom at a later period I styled "the glorious Milton, grandest of the grand." Indeed so far had I carried my admiration for that great poet, that I had said I would not mind being

blind like Milton to be such a poet as he was. This saying pleased my father, and raised in him expectation of my becoming "something more famous" than I ever became. No doubt I thought that by writing blank verse I was imitating Milton; it may be well imagined that, except in the absence of rhyme, there was no resemblance between Milton's versification and my own.

But now it was time that such conceit should be taken out of me, and this was effectually done when I was removed to Felstead Grammar School, where the notion of "a boy setting up for a poet" was unmercifully ridiculed. Here, though English verses were ignored, Latin ones were required, and by applying to these whatever of poetical talent I possessed, I obtained that *κύδος* which boys delight in. English poetry, "my shame in crowds, my solitary pride," I now only wrote by stealth, and thus in my last half-year at school I composed a long poetical epistle addressed to the venerable Vicar of Saling, Essex, congratulating him upon his recovery, at a very advanced age, from a dangerous illness. To this he responded by a few feeling lines of his own. I had taken for my motto, "Solve

senescentem :" his motto, he said, in allusion to the line that followed mine, would have been, "ad extre^mum ridendus ^a."

Between school and college I remained at home upwards of twelve months, reading by myself ; and during this period I was introduced to many young ladies, to whom I was more or less attracted, and with some of whom I fancied myself in love. For I was now at that third stage of life which Shakspeare assigns to the lover, whom he describes "as sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad made to his mistress's eyebrow." No wonder, therefore, that now my effusions were addressed to young ladies. In my last year at school the amatory poets, Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius, were put into our hands. They were designed to improve us in Latin verse. But if they had this effect, they had another less innocent ; for youths do not want to be made amorous. From these I learnt to write amatory verses, for which kind of composition I had a peculiar aptitude. Too many specimens of these will be found in the

^a "Solve senescentem ne
Peccet ad extre^mum ridendus."—*Hor.*

present collection. As some excuse for this, it should be remembered for how large a space of human life, love in itself, or love as a prelude to marriage, engrosses the thoughts of both sexes. From sixteen to forty little else is thought of. This it is which makes novels the favourite reading of young persons, from which if the love were eliminated, they would lose all their interest. Besides, the poetical temperament is essentially amatory, as might be instanced in the best ancient poets, as well as in our own from Chaucer to Tennyson. Love will be the favourite theme of poetry, till poets become monks, or monks become poets. Yet amatory lays are not always to be despised. By them I won my future wife ; for to her were addressed my best strains, those which came from my heart, and found their way to hers. As the first sight of Juliet cured Romeo of his previous fancy for Rosalind, so from those desultory loves that I have alluded to, and from one that was growing more serious, one interview with my cousin Eleanor at once detached me. Her face struck me as beautiful, and for that I loved her at first sight ; but a more intimate acquaintance with her shewed me that there

was in her “something than beauty dearer,” and I became more decidedly her lover; and when I went to Cambridge, the idea of her mixing with everything that I did, at the beginning of my Euclid (as if invoking the object of my affections to smile on my studies), I wrote these Latin verses :—

“Durum opus aggredior; ne desim forte labori,
Suaviter arridens, Eleanora, fave.
Quippe tuos studiis risus dum sperat amator,
Et placet Euclides, et juvat ipse labor.
Artibus hisce tuo videar modò dignus amore,
Tuque ideo mecum jungere fata velis.”

At College I had so much other work that I had little leisure for writing poetry, though at the request of a friend, who had lost the beloved one to whom he was all but engaged, I composed a poem on “the Death of Anna.” As I did not know the lady, I could only draw upon my imagination to endow her with all those graces and virtues which, judging from myself, I knew her lover had seen, or supposed he had seen, in her. In this poem, as well as in that addressed to our clergyman, there were many passages of which I should not now be ashamed, but I knew that the “purpureus pannus,

unus et alter," would not redeem a work which was a failure upon the whole. After this I did not attempt to write a poem of any length; for my classical education had made me to some extent a critic, and applying the rules of criticism to my own poetry, I became sensible of its faults and defects, and being dissatisfied with it, only wrote occasional pieces rather than poems. Among these were tributes to departed friends and relatives, in composing which I had a melancholy pleasure. It soothed my regret to express my love and esteem for them, to record their good and amiable qualities, and do justice to their memories, and perhaps to preserve them from being too soon forgotten :—

“ Their memories indeed my mortal song
Could not perpetuate, but it might prolong.”

Whether won by my poetry, or from whatever cause having become attached to me, my cousin Eleanor, a year after I had left College and entered into orders, consented to become my wife. Providence seemed to favour our union, though fortune did not, and I received her as His good gift, and we were married.

Marriage does not impair love, far from it

indeed, it is its consummation ; but it changes its nature, it converts a passion into an affection, the fire is burnt out, but it leaves a lambent flame. The state is not one of excitement but of tranquillity, and as without excitement it is not easy to write poetry, I composed very little after I had settled down as a married man, especially after I had a family to educate and provide for. The life of a man toiling to support his wife and children is very prosaic. Among tributes to the departed at length was to be offered one to my beloved wife, who was taken from me when I was fifty years of age, leaving me with a family of eleven living children.

What widowhood is to those who have been happy in marriage, can only be understood by those who have experienced it. To escape from its desolation, by marrying again, is usually the resource of those whose circumstances admit of it ; such was not my case ; otherwise, “*huic uni forsan potui succumbere culpæ.*” How much I desired it, is shewn by my verses on “*The Widower’s Wish.*” It has been said that “*God gives a man his first wife, he takes the second himself.*” whether this be true I cannot say ; that my first was His gift I believe : He

gave me no second, and when perhaps I should have taken one, it was not permitted. There is, we know, a second childhood, so Shakspeare calls the last stage of life, and I believe there is a second youth, too, which precedes it. As the ascending order is childhood, youth, manhood, the descending would be manhood (continued), youth, childhood. When a man approaching sixty years finds himself hearty, his spirits rise, a fresh lease, he fancies, has been granted him, and he meditates entering again into that state in which he once found happiness. This occurred to me after nine or ten years of widowhood under circumstances peculiar and rather romantic. At my first entrance into Felstead School I caught a glimpse of the Master's daughter, the prettiest little girl I had ever seen, then about nine or ten years of age; I was not more than three years older, but young as I was, I was not insensible to beauty. Yet as the boys had no access to the Master's family I seldom saw her, excepting when sitting at the window, or when walking out with the governess and her younger sister. When I left school she was growing into womanhood, and my boyish admiration had ripened into love, of

which, as I had made no demonstration of it, she was quite unconscious. Circumstances for a long series of years prevented our meeting, during which I had married and had a large family. But when I was between fifty and sixty years of age, I had bought a house in the village where she was residing, then a great sufferer from a sad accident which had nearly proved fatal. From this she partially recovered, and spite of her years and the injury her frame had received, she retained sufficient attractions to revive in my heart the flame that had never been quite extinguished. To her were addressed the "Sonnets to Julia." Had her recovery been complete, as I hoped and prayed it might be, we should probably have married. This was not permitted. A relapse into illness soon ended in death, leaving me to console myself as well as I could, by verses to her memory. "Ea sola voluptas Solamenque mali." There was now an end of amatory verses.

It was after this, when I had ceased to officiate as a clergyman (for which I was disabled by an affection of the throat and other infirmities), that I composed most of those poems which I have called "Moral and Religious."

It seemed that in this way I might still exercise my vocation as a teacher of religion. Into these moulds I cast the doctrines which I should have preached, the way of life I should have inculcated. To these poems might be applied Charles Lamb's translation of Coleridge's motto "Sermoni propiora,"—"more like a sermon." By throwing our good thoughts into verse, we fix them better in the memory, the rhymes serving as chains to hold them fast. Comparing these with the lighter ones which occupy so much larger a space, I might seem to want the apology made for Benedick, "The man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make^b." And yet there is no real inconsistency in the difference of a man's writings at different times, and under different circumstances, any more than there is between his "rejoicing with those who rejoice," at one time, and his "weeping with those who weep," at another, which are both duties at their proper seasons. Seriousness and liveliness are different states of the same person's mind. The man who in solitude would be grave

^b "Much Ado about Nothing."

and perhaps melancholy, in company becomes merry and jocular. In my own composition there was much of melancholy and not a little of jocularity, more perhaps, some might think, than became a priest. It received on one occasion a rebuke so singular, that it seems worth mentioning here. Soon after entering into Deacon's Orders I went to a tea-party, and after taking three of those cups "which cheer but not inebriate," I was talking away, laughing and making others laugh, when I was suddenly stopped short by hearing strange sounds inarticulate and almost unearthly. They proceeded from a deaf and dumb lady in the company, who looking angrily and shaking her head at me, put her hands together as in the act of praying. I asked her sister who had the care of her what it meant, and how I had displeased her. "If you will not be offended," she said, "I will tell you. She has seen you at church reading prayers, where of course you looked grave, and she means to scold you for not being so serious as she thinks you ought to be." This was certainly a present check to my mirth. Jocularity, I must confess, was my besetting fault, not to call it a sin. I wish it may have

been kept, like Biròn's^c, "within the limit of becoming mirth." But it sometimes passed this, and gave a ludicrous turn to a grave discourse^d.

It is said that when Sir Richard Steele, a sincere but not a consistent Christian, had published his work, "The Christian Hero," as a check upon himself, his gay friends avoided his society, supposing that he had become more pious than pleasant. Steele, to convince them that his religion had not impaired his wit, next wrote and brought on the stage a lively comedy. Now though my graver poems are as serious and solemn as "The Christian Hero," I have not the genius to write a comedy to prove to my old friends (alas, how many of them have I survived!) that the jocularity which they remember to have been in me is not altogether lost; but I would refer them to my "Miscellaneous Poems," in which they will find some of those pieces which once contributed, and may

^c See "Love's Labours Lost."

^d As when I asked a friend who was talking of the Celtic and Teutonic not to stop the *two Tonics*—Port and Sherry—standing with him.

perhaps again contribute, to their amusement. For myself, I am obliged to come to Horace's late resolution :—

“ Nunc itaque et versus, et cætera ludicra pono,
Quid verum atque decens, curo et rogo, et omnis in
hoc sum.”

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ERRATUM.

Page 5, last line but one, *for sun* *read* seen.

Morning Hymn.

FATHER (for in Thy word I read
A filial right with Thee to plead),
Uprisen from refreshing rest,
And sleep, Thy gracious gift, confessed ;
The sacrifice to Thee I raise
Of humble prayer, and thankful praise.

May that kind power protect me still,
Which guarded me from nightly ill :
Thy care to me this day extend,
And, day by day, till life shall end,
Nor only to this outward frame,
Thy keeping let my spirit claim.

If for my final good it be,
The ills of life avert from me ;
And " feed me with convenient food,"
Alike for soul and body good.
Support me whilst I sojourn here,
And fit me for a happier sphere.

Evening Hymn.

This heart, attached to things below,
 Raise and refine, lest gross it grow :
 Already by Thy fear 'tis awed,
 But in it shed Thy love abroad,
 And with the love of Thee be joined,
 The love enlarged of human kind.

Thy Spirit send, whose influence pure
 To sin can all my proneness cure ;
 His power the moral world unites
 To Thee, the source supreme of lights ;
 Best boon of grace to mortals given,
 Efflux of God, our pledge of heaven.

These things for His dear sake bestow,
 Through whom to man Thy mercies flow :
 Then am I blest, whate'er betide,
 Preserved, supported, sanctified ;
 Secured through this world's ways perplexed,
 And ripe and ready for the next.

Evening Hymn.

LORD, ere I yield to sleep's soft sway,
 I bless Thee for the bygone day :
 And with my praise would mingle prayer,
 Thy mercy craving and Thy care.
 Forgive, for Jesu's sake, my faults,
 And ward off evil's dark assaults.

If I this day have grieved by sin
Thy Spirit checking me within,
Yet now, when I would sin no more,
His gracious fellowship restore ;
That earnest of eternal bliss,
Which it were perilous to miss.

That fitness for a better state,
Which yet I lack, in me create,
That if this night by Thy decree
My soul should be required of me,
I may but change, a change how blest !
A partial for a perfect rest.

But if I live, and O forgive
My natural desire to live !
Enabled daily to bring forth
The fruit of faith, our only worth,
May I maintain the Christian strife
And glorify Thee by my life.

And now, good Lord, to me and mine,
Whom to Thy keeping I resign,
Thy fatherly protection grant,
And with it the repose we want ;
That we, renewed in power and will,
May rise Thy pleasure to fulfil.

*Hymn for Trinity Sunday.***Hymn for Trinity Sunday.**

PARENT of all, in whose pure eye
Man is at best an erring child ;
Still on Thy mercy we rely
Who art our heavenly Father styled.

What though we have, in right of worth,
No claim of Thee to be esteemed ;
For us Thy Son appeared on earth,
That we through Him might be redeemed.

If nature has prevailed too much
O'er wayward wills to wrong inclined,
Thy Spirit, by His quickening touch,
To holiness renews the mind.

O grateful be our favoured race,
For whose salvation all combine,—
The Father's love, the Saviour's grace,
The Spirit's fellowship divine.

O let us to th' eternal One,
The fountain of the Godhead, raise,
And to the sharers of His throne,
Our tribute of perpetual praise.

Prayer on Receiving the Lord's Supper.

GOOD Lord, who for an end divine
Hast consecrated Bread and Wine,
To represent, when understood
Discerningly, Thy Flesh and Blood.
We, to this Holy Supper called,
Approach, half-willing, half-appalled.

When from Thy presence we might fly,
Afraid to come unworthily,
A filial desire t' obey
Persuades us it is good to stay.
O count not our reluctance sin,
Nor quench the smoking flax within ;

Increase our spiritual sense,
Our love, and faith, and penitence,
That we the benefit may find
By this expressive rite designed ;
And may the ~~seen~~ and outward sign
Convey that inward grace divine.

On Administering the Lord's Supper.

My God, I am not worthy to partake,
Much less to consecrate to Thee the Bread,
Which Thou art pleased the vehicle to make
Of inward grace, wherewith the soul is fed.

I am not meet to stand before Thy shrine,
And on the sacred chalice lay my hand,
To bless, as in Thy Name, the mystic wine,
And trembling I obey that high command.

Yet stay my fears ; for here, if anywhere,
Thy mercy, Lord, exhibited we see :
And sinful mortals must the treasure bear
In earthen vessels : such at best are we.

But deign my languid spirit to refresh,
And to thy service ever sanctify
Thy minister, who feels that he is flesh,
But trusts in Thee to bless his ministry.

SONNETS ON RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS.

1. The Love of God.

THOU bidst us love Thee, Lord, "with all our mind,
And soul, and strength ;" the precept we approve,
For Thou art worthiest of our utmost love ;
But here an inward impotence we find,
And in our hearts a slowness to fulfil
The first and great commandment of Thy law.
Our thoughts of Thee an overpow'ring awe
Disturbing, our affection seems to chill ;
There is in us a consciousness besides
Of evil, which we know that Thou must hate :
Thy holiness we dread to contemplate,
Wanting that innocency which confides,
We from Thy presence shrink ; but, Lord, remove
Our sinfulness, and we shall dare to love.

2. Insensibility to Common Blessings.

Good Lord, if oft as we are blest by Thee,
The meed of thankfulness our hearts could raise,
Our life would be one exercise of praise :
Shame on our nature ! thus it cannot be.

Much that we heed not, hourly we receive ;
Much we enjoy, and mark not whence it flows,
As that with which the mind familiar grows
Affects it feebly ; so from morn till eve,
The cheerful light, the health-inspiring air,
The strength to toil, the spirits that we feel,
The presence of dear friends, the common meal,
Scarce call forth thanks, because they are not rare.
Thy blessings thus we take as things of course,
Nor trace th' effects of goodness to their source.

3. Distractions in Worship.

IT would be well if on this hallowed day,
As on the Mount, with God we could abide,
And let the waves of worldliness subside
Which rush upon us, while below we stay.
But feebly soar our souls. External acts
Though we perform, His sacred rites attend,
And in the house of prayer devoutly bend,
Some care or object vain our mind distracts.
Still more, when issuing from the holy fane
Our neighbours throng to greet us, and dispel
Reflections, which within should deeply dwell ;
Our scattered thoughts flit back to earth again—
'Tis sad—but He who knows what is in man
Accepts us, offering the best we can.

4. On the same.

GOOD Lord, I strive to serve Thee, and thy courts
With reverent observance I frequent,
And there my homage bodily present ;
I join the throng, where piety resorts,
But oft my lips with theirs in concert move,
My soul unmoved. And is it so with them ?
And wilt Thou not thy worshippers condemn,
Whose worship is a form, and not of love,
"The sacrifice of fools," without a heart ?
But, Lord, our souls (for souls to Thee belong)
Draw to Thyself with sweet attraction strong ;
And of Thy presence a quick sense impart,
That our devotions upward may ascend,
And reach to Thee, their object and their end.

5. Nature averse to Grace.

LORD, to the wonders which Thy word reveals
'Tis hard at times for reason to submit,
But truths, which nature from herself conceals,
There written, to digest, is harder yet.
To learn our sinful state, estranged from Thee,
Our impotence that holiness to gain,
Which not acquired, Thy presence none may see,
And that we justify ourselves in vain ;

Since "in our flesh there dwelleth no good thing,"
 That not the pardon of our sins alone
 Is due to grace; but that our virtues spring
 From Thy free Spirit, and are not our own:
 This humbling lore more slowly pride receives,
 Than the deep mysteries which faith believes.

6. Man capable of some Goodness.

MAN is corrupt, yet goodness is required,
 "The tale of bricks without the straw allowed,"
 So think the cavilling, half-reasoning crowd,
 Who, knowing but a part of truth inspired,
 Believe a little, and pervert the rest.
 It is not goodness, perfect, absolute,
 The goodness of a God; but what may suit
 With one, of earthly creatures still the best,
 Still capable of good in his degree.
 Man, aim at excellence: the shaft will go
 A higher flight than if thine aim were low^a,
 Though yet the mark beyond thy reach may be.
 God calls thee to perfection, and will bless
 Thy strivings to be perfect with success.

^a "He that aims high, shoots the higher for it, though he shoots not so high as he aims."—*Archbishop Leighton.*

7. Our Innocence not of Ourselves.

FATHER of mercies, Thy sustaining grace
Enables the strong spirits to subdue
Their rebel passions ; but the strong are few,
The many still are weak, unfit to face,
As feeble to resist, their moral foes.
Such thou removest from the dangerous field
Of fierce temptation, certain there to yield ;
Like the kind parent fearful to expose
His tender offspring to the rougher winds.
From falling, what has kept us but Thy care,
Whose Providence removed us from the snare
And lure too powerful for infirmer minds ?
Snatched from temptations we could not withstand,
Our safety comes from Thine o'erruling hand.

8. *On the same.*

GOD hides His children in some safe retreat,
Unfit through feebleness their foes to meet ;
Such shun the crowd, and with instinctive fear
Shrink from the world and its assaults severe.
Their innocence, if innocence it be,
They keep, by caution timely taught to flee :

Not conquering, but avoiding strong temptation,
 They owe to Providence their preservation,
 Who draws them back in trial's dangerous day,
 Or tempted, makes for their escape a way.

9. On the Atonement.

WHAT, if thy fellow-man, his life the price,
 From death had ransomed thy devoted head,
 A penal death that guilt had merited ;
 What hadst thou thought of such a sacrifice ?
 But when a Being infinitely great,
 Incapable of death, or grief, or pain,
 Assumes our flesh, on purpose to sustain
 All these for man, and leaves His heavenly state ;
 Think, then, what sacrifice was made for thee,
 Nor that to save thy mortal life, a boon,
 Which, were it granted, must have perished soon ;
 But to redeem thee for eternity !
 Such love which human thought so far transcends,
 Faith which receives it feebly comprehends.

10. On the same.

IT is revealed ! let man be satisfied.
 'Tis not for sinners (and the best are such)
 What sin deserves, how little, or how much,
 Of punishment or pardon, to decide.

God only knows how in His holy breast
Justice with mercy seeming to conflict,
He, rich in mercy, but in justice strict,
That strife could reconcile and set at rest.
But mercy reigns and justice is appeased,
Through Him who has for us the ransom paid :
And God accepts the satisfaction made,
Made by "the Son, in whom He is well pleased,"
The Saviour that we need ! Let us confess
His merits and our own unworthiness.

11. On the same.

SAVIOUR and Lord ! what Thou hast done for man,
So far our faint conceptions has surpassed,
That reason contemplating stands aghast,
Startled at mysteries it may not scan.
" Help Thou our unbelief !" for even we,
The heirs of that salvation dearly bought,
Oft dwelling on it with perplexing thought,
Question how aught so marvellous can be.
But pardon, Lord, our slowness to receive
The staggering truth ; impute to us no more,
Than to Thy weak disciples, who of yore
At first for very joy could not believe.
Let this persuasion every doubt dispel
That to Thy goodness all is possible.

12. On the Resurrection.

IF knowing, Lord, Thy pristine dignity,
Thy suffering shocked us, and the Cross was shame ;
Yet when Thy power inherent overcame
The grave, and shewed Thou couldst not wholly die ;
The scandal ceased which shamed us for a time,
Thy suffering voluntary thus was proved
A sacrifice, to save the lost but loved,
Made by humiliation more sublime.
As ignorance th' entire eclipse of light,
Has sometimes feared and dreaded darkness' reign,
Nor knew it temporary, till again
The sun emerging shone as ever bright :
So though we deemed Thee for a while debased,
That thought Thy glorious rising has effaced.

13. Indifference to Futurity.

O WEAK in faith and void of holy hope,
Who reckless of the pleasures and the pains
Of th' unseen world, whose good or ill remains,
Make transient things "of all our aim the scope ;"
Yet the bare apprehension of that woe
"Intense and everduring," or that joy,
But faintly contemplated, might destroy
All appetite for gross delights below.

God would allure us upward, promising
“Pleasures at His right hand for evermore,”
But, loth to lay to heart the sacred lore
Whose theme is “things above,” to earth we cling ;
As if beyond it nothing were conceived,
No heaven to be desired, no hell believed !

14. Thoughts suggested by a Thunder-storm.

OUR Father, since by that endearing name
The Christian may address Thee, gracious God,
Preserve us, for Thy terrors are abroad.
We hear Thy voice in thunder, and in flame
See Thy consuming power, and fears will rise.
Nor only from infirmity they spring,
But from awakened conscience, whispering
Our great demerit in Thy searching eyes.
Yet let the feeling of our sinfulness
Not abject, lest it sink us to the dust,
With hope be tempered and a filial trust
In Thee, whose mercy makes the tempest bless,
And blasts fly harmless : teach us in the storm,
As in the calm, to view Thy goodness uniform.

15. Prayer for a Beloved One, seriously ill.

THY mercy, Lord, to her I love extend,
Heal her infirmities, restore her health ;
And that best blessing, more desired than wealth,
Preserve, and from a worse relapse defend.
And with such strength of body, mind, and soul,
Endue her, that, enabled to fulfil
Her duties, and enjoy Thy blessing still,
She may rejoice, as one by Thee "made whole."
So may she willingly devote to Thee
Her lengthened life, at love's entreaty spared,
And practise the good works Thou hast prepared
For her to walk in, deeds of charity,
The fruits of simple faith, performing well,
A service humble but acceptable.

16. The Prayer fulfilled.

IT is the privilege of those who pray,
By frequent intercession, from above
To call down blessings upon those they love,
"Our blessed privilege," the faithful say.
'Tis sweet to think with Heaven we can prevail,
But on our friends, when mercies are conferred
In answer to our prayers with favour heard,
With double thankfulness the boon we hail.

Such were my feelings, Julia, when I found
Thee, lately drooping, now restored again :
My prayer, I felt, had not been raised in vain,
But with the happiest fulfilment crowned.
Thus, made the minister of health to thee,
Thy friend exults in thy recovery.

17. For Christmas Day.

THE festival is come, at whose return
All Christendom cries "Hail" with merry voice,
And deeming it a duty to rejoice,
Forgets of human toils the low concern,
And keeps one universal holiday.
Let us, my children, greet it as of yore ;
Our sires have greeted it, and theirs before,
With customary rites and feelings gay.
Our worship be an overflowing heart,
Full of good will and charity to all,
And so responding to religion's call,
That in our pleasure piety has part,
So tempering our mirth, that harmless glee,
The earnest of a holier joy may be.

18. "From Battle and Murder, and
from Sudden Death ; Good Lord, de-
liver us."

FROM quick destruction, whether in the shock
Of battle, or where secret malice slays,
The Church for our deliverance wisely prays,
Consulting thus the feelings of her flock.
A peaceful end she would implore for all
And hence she teaches us to deprecate
A "sudden death," lest taken in a state
Of unpreparedness, for aye we fall.
But this petition was not framed for those
Who stand secure ; for death to them is gain,
An entrance into peace, a rest from pain,
Yet let him pray who best his frailty knows,
"Till I am fit, let death's approach be slow ;
Come quickly, Lord, when I am meet to go."

THOUGHTS ON RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS.

Faith and Works.

TRUST not to faith alone, a barren faith
Devoid of works is dead, the Scripture saith ;
Nor on thy works rely, but, checking pride,
Be thankful that for thee the Saviour died,
Through whose prevailing merit is obtained
The meed thy service never could have gained.
So cherish faith, but let it work by love,
God will accept thy works, thy faith approve.

On the same.

Works cannot justify, Paul truly saith,
And so the world professes to have faith.
For works are a hard service, and require
Much sacrifice of self and wrong desire ;
This is a path too painful to pursue,
'Tis easier to believe, or think we do.

Yet if our views a little are extended,
Good works we find commanded and commended ;
And sure some virtue in obedience lies,
Which is the test of faith that justifies.

The Evil Spirit not irresistible.

THE spirit of evil roams abroad
On our destruction bent,
With power to draw our souls from God,
And such his dire intent.
His machinations he directs
Against th' unguarded soul,
Which often, when it least suspects,
Falls under his controul.
On our propensities to ill
With fatal art he works ;
For well he knows that in our will
Innate corruption lurks.
The heart when closely he assails,
Through some besetting sin
That parleys with him, he prevails :
The traitor is within.
False to ourselves as well as weak,
O how shall we oppose,
If Satan thus our ruin seek,
The subtlest of foes ?

Thanks be to Him who saw that foe,
Like lightning, fall from heaven,
And limits still his power below,
His aid to us is given.
One source of safety yet is ours,
Our minds the right approve,
And cease from wrong, when grace empowers,
And goodness has our love.
Then watch, and ye may 'scape unharmed,
Resist, and he will flee ;
We may defy the strong man armed,
Through One more strong than he.

In the World, not of the World.

WHY should we seek to rival those
Whose station justifies parade,
In scenes where lurk the Christian's foes ?
Our souls are safer in the shade.
Too oft we sin by that display
Which weak and worldly minds desire,
Which calls our better thoughts away,
What is without us to admire.
Bound to renounce, by solemn vow,
“ The pomps and vanities ” of life,
Our hearts condemn what we allow,
And with ourselves we feel at strife.

What is the fashion that ye court?
 An idol with imposing name ;
 What the gay scenes of your resort,
 But the vain world which ye disclaim ?
 " Yet from the world we must not fly,"
 Cries Folly with a serious air ;
 " Not from the world," we may reply,
 " But from the evil reigning there."
 For thus is man's obedience tried
 By Him who seeks the lost to save,
 Still in the world he must abide,
 But of that world not be the slave.

Who shall be Saved ?

BETWEEN the claims of faith and works perplexed,
 " Who shall be saved ?" you ask, but hear the text—
 " None without holiness shall see the Lord ;"
 " Thy faith hath saved thee," was His constant word :
 If then the word divine is to decide,
 They will be saved whom faith has sanctified.

The Plea of Innocence.

MAN, plead not innocence, for that implies
 A childlike ignorance of good and evil,
 And of the world, in wickedness which lies,
 Though formally it has renounced the devil.

Our days of innocence, too quickly past,
Beyond the first septenniad seldom last.
Then he who watches may discern the growth
 Of envy, malice, selfishness, and pride,
The germs of that corruption which, though loth
 To own it, from ourselves we cannot hide :
Well knowing that the plea of innocence,
Save in unconscious babes, is mere pretence*.

To a Deaf Person who excused Himself
 from attending Church because he
could not hear.

STILL go to church, it is the House of Prayer,
And in the noblest service thou mayst share.
Infirmit, thou say'st, has closed thine ears,
But happily for thee, thy Maker hears.

Eternal Life—Lost by Sin, Regained
 through Faith.—*Rom. vi. 23.*

ETERNAL life, most gracious gift of God,
 Who loved us, undeserving as we were,
And when we merited His penal rod,
 In pity spared His creatures prone to err ;

* On the supposed innocence of children, see a note of Bishop Middleton's on the *G. A.*, on *Matthew xviii. 3.*

Thou hadst been lost, but for the wondrous
plan

Which mercy formed to rescue fallen man.

Ah ! fallen under that Infernal Power

Who wrought our ruin, when he lured to sin,
Sin bringing with her death, a fatal dower,

And to destruction doomed our race had been,
But from above a mightier Power was sent

To "bruise his head," and bar our punishment.

The great Redeemer came, prepared to pay,

As man, the ransom man could not have paid ;
That guilt atoned, corruption purged away,

Renewed in strength by His all-powerful aid,
A blameless course he might commence anew,
And to the end his heavenward path pursue.

Yet, let him understand his state aright :

Born to the prospect of immortal bliss,
God's goodness if with evil he requite,

Still serving sin, in duty still remiss,
The hope of that inheritance is gone,
And disinherited, the heir undone !

Immortal bliss ! that we could only lift

Our hearts to heaven, and meditate on Thee !
Then duly prizing that celestial gift,

We should not risk its loss so recklessly ;
Our faith would quicken us to overcome
The present world and seek our heavenly home.

But we have little faith—the fault is there,
Else would Futurity believed retain
A hold upon our minds, inducing care
And firm resolves the promised bliss to gain ;
Then should we shrink from sin, of which we know
“ Death is the wages,” and that death is woe !
But waiving terrors, let us look above,
And form of heaven the best idea we may,—
A state of perfect peace, and joy, and love,
All mourning past, and tears all wiped away,
And friends, with whom we wished to live for ever,
Restored beyond the power of fate to sever.
Then add to thoughts, which make the bosom glow,
The knowledge that their bliss will never cease,
No transient happiness, like this below,
But held of heaven on a perpetual lease :
Think that this precious, this enduring boon
Is ours, that we may enter on it soon.
Can we believe it, and be unconcerned ?
Alas ! indifference argues unbelief,
The better course, by which reward is earned,
Neglected for the worse, whose end is grief :
The wilful loss of an immortal soul,
Which would not yield itself to faith’s control !
Forbid it Heaven, that this should be our fate !
Yet, if the principle whence virtue springs,
The apprehension of a future state,
Be weak or wanting, if mere earthly things

Engross our minds, what meetness can there be?
 What preparation for eternity?
 But may the Author of that gift divine
 (Who taught the way, and was the Way He taught),
 "Increase our faith ^b," lest righteousness decline,
 Since righteousness itself through faith is wrought^c,
 Which, realizing what is hoped for, tends
 To fit us for the bliss it apprehends.

A Christian Parting.—To a Beloved One.

MAY happiness attend thee
 (My parting prayer shall be),
 And Heaven from ill defend thee
 When thou art far from me.
 Preserved through every danger
 By His peculiar care,
 Thy mind to woe a stranger,
 Thy frame may sickness spare.

In highest hands I leave thee
 When I thy ways commend
 To One who will not grieve thee,
 Thy Father, and thy Friend !

^b Luke vii. 5. ^c Heb. xi. 33.—"Who through faith wrought righteousness." "Faith is the realizing power."—*Archer Butler*, Sermon vii.

To Him thy soul surrender,
Whose gift is peace divine,
The wish of love most tender
Is that such peace be thine !

The pain of separation
The pious best may bear,
Assured, no situation
Excludes them from God's care.
He hears in every region,
From souls that dwell apart,
The pleadings of religion
Breathed from a faithful heart.

And friends, forbid by distance
Kind offices to share,
Yield each to each assistance
By mingling mutual prayer.
Our intercourse, then, ending,
We'll raise our views above,
And blessings quick descending
Shall testify our love.

But if the hope I cherish
To see thy face again,
Like other hopes must perish,
Indulged, alas ! in vain,

Our earnest expectation
To meet in yon bright sphere,
Shall yield strong consolation
And stay fond nature's tear.

On the Loss of a Beautiful and Intelligent Child.

LET me sit by the grave of my child,
For why would you draw me away?
My thoughts, if diverted, are wild,
But revolt when you bid them be gay.
If the spirit of mirth, like a gleam,
Yet sparkles at sight of my friends,
Those flashes intrusive I deem,
Which a moment of solitude ends.
Sad, sad be the mood of my mind,
Or only relieved by a tear:
Satisfaction in sorrow I find,
Due to one so deservedly dear.
The worth of a child—they alone
Can conceive it, from whom it was torn,
And the pain of its loss can be known
But to those who such losses have borne.

Not they who their vision retain
Prize duly the blessing of light,
But he who explores it in vain,
With orbs lately robbed of their sight.
So the sire, of his children bereaved,
Feels fully how dear were their lives,
A feeling but faintly conceived
By a parent whose offspring survives.
Till thou, darling girl, wast removed,
We had not enough understood
How strong were thy claims to be loved,
How bright was thy mind and how good !
And yet were thy talents my pride,
And thine early resolves to do right
(Which a dutiful childhood implied)
I marked with a moral delight.
With what innocent glee wouldest thou skip,
While thy cheeks were be-dimpled with joy ;
A smile ever curling thy lip,
Which hardly death's touch could destroy.
But it mocks thee to talk of thy smile,
When in dust are dissolving below
Those features that charmed us erewhile,
Which now not a parent could know.
Cruel fancy, though needless her sting,
Represents every change that is made,
And shews, on so tender a thing,
How sadly corruption has preyed.

Yet we bury not that which we loved,
 But unconscious inanimate clay :
'Tis the soul the fair members that moved,
 Which bears our affections away.
And though, o'er these forms while they last,
 With the fixed gaze of fondness we bend,
As a look of deep interest we cast
 On the mansion once owned by a friend :
Our thoughts from the cold fleshly shrine,
 That decays as we mark it, soon turn ;
We perceive that its inmate divine
 Has departed, and thence our concern !
My mind is both soothed and distressed
 In this lonely spot while I stay,
For I see thy dear relics here rest,
 But thy spirit, I feel, is away.
These ashes remind me to grieve
 For endowments and graces, whose dawn
Only dazzled our hopes to deceive,
 Since all that endeared thee is gone !
Yet will not poor sorrowing man,
 His pious persuasion delude ;
Child of promise thou art, and thy span,
 That seemed short, is already renewed.
Faith tells of the righteous command
 Of our Father who ordered thy doom,
And points to a happier land,
 Where thy virtues transplanted still bloom.

Thy parents' affectionate care,
Has not cherished those virtues in vain,
They shall reach a maturity there,
Which here they could never attain.
Thou art gone from a sin-defiled earth,
Thyself by its sin undefiled :
That reflection is better than mirth,
Let me sit by the grave of my child.

TRIBUTES TO DEPARTED RELA-
TIVES AND FRIENDS.

To the Memory of William Hills, Esq.,
of Porter's Hall, Essex.

YE who with drops that deep regret distils,
Pay the last tribute to the worth of Hills,
Restrain those tears that cannot soothe his sleep,
Who never caused or wished a friend to weep.
Firm be your grief, and mourn as men resigned,
Who in the worth you lose a solace find ;
For who than Hills more resolutely good,
With steadier step the one right path pursued ;
And kept through life the maxim of his youth,
In nought to swerve from faithfulness and truth ?
Or who, to fit him for the friendly part,
To stricter honour joined a kinder heart ;
Hence dying parents fixed on him their trust,
The children's guardian when the sire was dust.
What active charity his soul possessed,
A grateful train of pensioned poor attest :

And who of us that round his board have met,
His joyous, hearty welcome can forget ?
When mingled smiles and tears of pleasure shewed
How warm within the social spirit glowed.
Yet have we seen that venerable face
From deep concern derive a pensive grace :
When sorrowing neighbours brought affliction near,
Or sick domestic claimed a master's tear.
His heart, too large for pride, the name of friend
To high and low he gloried to extend :
At home to all, there many a tender trait
His inmates saw, that here defies display.
Such is *our* loss : we grieve not for our friend,
Whose life was happy and mature his end ;
Here blest with riches, honour, length of days,
The meed in either hand that wisdom pays,
He found her "ways of pleasantness" below,
And soared above, her paths of peace to know.

To the Memory of Mr. Francis Lanfear.

If human feelings judge the stroke severe,
That stretched thee, Lanfear, on an early bier ;
Not such it seemed to thy well-tempered mind,
Prepared to meet it with a heart resigned,
Which deemed it most ungrateful to complain
Of Him, who with our blessings mingles pain.

Though happily no parent mourns thy doom,
Nor wife, nor children, linger at thy tomb ;
Alone in life, thou hadst less cause to stay,
Yet undeplored thou hast not past away.
The few to merits and to talents just,
With fond regret will contemplate thy dust :
These will attest thy virtuous, well-spent youth,
Thy pious love and patient search for truth,
Thy charity enlarged, thy conscience clear,
And witness'd by its fruits, thy faith sincere.

To the Memory of Rev. Joseph Stanfield.

BEREFT of life, ere life had lost its bloom,
Fresh from its joys and its endearments torn,
Poor Stanfield rests in his untimely tomb,
And thence, unconscious, summons us to mourn.

And can he summon us no more to mirth ?
Then let such drops embalm his honest name,
As one who cheered our sad sojourn on earth,
From the warm hearts he gladdened still may claim.

Such tears accept, kind-hearted, faithful friend,
This was thy praise, and higher praise than this :
In thee were hidden qualities which tend
To raise our nature, fitting it for bliss.

Source of good actions, charity was thine,
And cheerful hope, that trusted, not presumed ;
And simple faith unfeigned in things divine,
Which haply thy calm passage hence illumed.

Too frail, as mortal, to be free from sin,
Too humble to affect to merit heaven,
And less ambitious high reward to win,
Than meekly suppliant to be forgiven ;

Where saints are crowned for glorious actions done,
Thy modest worth aspired not to ascend ;
But hoped that of her many mansions, one,
Mercy to thee would open as her friend.

And if the merciful above are blest,
As He who cannot err divinely said,
Mercy herself, who here inspired thy breast,
Shall bid thee there lift up thy lowly head.

So mayst thou rise in higher, happier state,
And wear again thy friendly, joyous smile,
Mingling with kindred souls that cannot hate,
And honest hearts that know not harm or guile.

Such thoughts we welcome as a cheering ray,
In kindness sent to dissipate the gloom,
Which darkens now thy dwelling, once so gay,
And hope relieves our sorrow for thy doom.

On the Sudden Death of an Excellent Mother.

O MOTHER, to thy passing shade,
Our pious offerings could it heed,
My filial tribute should be paid
In praises more than tears thy meed.
I cannot weep, and envy those
Whose sobs to sorrow bring relief,
These heavier shocks the sluices close
Which might discharge a lighter grief.
Ashamed of this unnatural dearth
Of tears, my mind within me grieves,
And, while it dwells upon thy worth,
A grave regret my heart conceives.
If there be one of those that weep
Who more thy loss severe laments ;
None dwells with gratitude more deep
On thy good acts and kind intents.
From thee my mind its nurture gained,
Vainly with moral sense endowed,
If not in those pure doctrines trained,
That raise a Christian from the crowd.
Thou taught'st me principles that stood,
When tested in temptation's hour ;
From thee the wish of doing good
I learnt ere Heaven bestowed the power.

Infirmities, not light to bear,
Thy hand from wide exertions kept :
Yet for our good thy tender care
Watched with a love that never slept.
Our welfare thy sole worldly aim,
Oft as our lot with blessings seemed,
Thy gift from Providence it came,
And to thy prayers an answer seemed.
Thy family was all to thee,
From the world's friendships still recoiled
Thy faithful heart, content to be
A pilgrim by its ways unspoiled.
What was thy highest joy on earth ?
Our union, marked by happy meetings ;
The seasons may renew our mirth,
But what can match thy cordial greetings ?
Thy life was pure of all offence,
Save what fall'n nature must engender ;
Thy piety without pretence,
Thy will upright, thy conscience tender.
Few were thy faults, and humbly owned,
May they be buried with thy dust,
And by that sacrifice atoned,
In which thou long hadst learnt to trust.
By simple faith for death prepared,
In the sad stroke a mercy lay,
That thou life's lingering end wast spared,
And snatched with one brief pang away.

Thy kindness thus, and warmth of heart,
Thy strong good sense, and thoughtful mind,
Suffering in nature's wreck no part,
Their full impression left behind.
Nor soon shall time, whose lenient healing
Our wounds await, th' impression 'rase ;
But long with reverential feeling
Shall we recall thy words and ways.

A Tribute to the Memory of the
Rev. B. B. Wells.

A FRIEND is gone who claims regret sincere,
A friend by long acquaintance rendered dear,
And by desert no less, as one who seemed
The better known, the more to be esteemed.
For of the friends on whom my memory dwells,
I have not lost a worthier one than Wells ;
His principles were right, his faith was sound,
His practice with his faith consistent found.
Though limited his sphere, it served at least
To prove him by his works a faithful priest :
Kind was his heart, as generous actions shewed,
And liberal alms judiciously bestowed.
By nature well endowed, he had, combined
With her good gifts, a soul by grace refined ;

And pure religion, purging of their leaven
His human virtues, made him meet for heaven.
Let this persuasion tend to comfort those
Who witnessed of his life the painful close ;
Sad, as it was, to see him lingering on,
When all his mental energies were gone :
Not void of comfort, haply, was his state,
(Our complex nature if we contemplate)
The mind may slumber, and meanwhile the soul
Be not unhappy, but, as near its goal,
When past enjoyment in a world like this,
May have a foretaste of its future bliss * :
Such pious hope thy friend conceives of thee,
Dear Wells, accept my Christian augury.

To the Memory of my pleasant Friend,
the Rev. Edmund Squire, Vicar of
Ashen, Essex.

“I am distressed for thee . . . very pleasant hast thou been
unto me.” 2 Sam. i. 26.

THOU, too, hast passed from life, lamented friend,
And our long-cherished fellowship must end ;
Here broken off, to be renewed, we trust,
When life again shall animate thy dust.

* The above idea is confirmed by an anecdote related in Forbes's Life of Dr. Beattie:—“At a time when Dr. Campbell seemed to be just expiring,

Yet let me soothe my temporal regret,
 With that fond record which is friendship's debt ;
 Thou wast "my pleasant friend," that simple phrase
 The feeling of affection best conveys.
 For though the merely good our minds approve,
 It is the pleasant friend that wins our love :
 And goodness, oft unamiable, in thee
 Nature had tempered with benignity.
 Thy friendly converse "played about the heart ^b,"
 And winning that, a pleasure could impart
 Beyond the rare endowments of thy mind,
 Though with a modesty more rare combined.
 And for high worth thou wast not more approved
 Than for thy kindness of soul beloved.
 Ah "very pleasant" hast thou been to me !
 The Psalmist's words I have applied to thee,
 Which nature spake with inspiration's tongue,
 When sorrow for his friend his bosom wrung ;
 Nor to his heart more nearly did he lay
 The worst disasters of Gilboa's day.
 What more than all embittered that distress ?
 The thought of his companion's pleasantness ;

and had told his wife and niece that it was so, a cordial happened to give him unexpected relief. As soon as he was able to speak, he said, that he wondered to see their countenances so melancholy, and covered with tears in the apprehension of his departure. 'At that instant,' said he, 'I felt my mind in such a state in the thoughts of my immediate dissolution, that I can express my feelings in no other way than by saying that I was in a rapture.'"

^b "Circum præcordia ludit."—*Persius of Horace.*

He lost in him what I have lost in thee,
A soul with his own soul in harmony.

Yet images of thee my fancy fill,
So vivid I could think thee living still ;
As in a household recently bereaved,
The stunning fact at times is disbelieved :
Oft treasuring up a favourite thought, I say,
This will delight my friend some future day.
But then my recollection will return,
And the sad truth, reviving my concern,
Which bids me hide my thoughts, for thou art gone,
And that to share them there is left me none.
Ah ! none like thee, to whom I can impart
What fills my mind, or interests my heart.
For should I seek among my casual friends,
And in my search discover one who blends
Talents and virtues in the same degree,
As both were happily combined in thee :
Could such be found (and yet I must despair
To see again that combination rare),
At best a cold companion I should find,
New to my heart, a stranger to my mind.
And, like an actor on a different scene,
He could not be to me what thou hast been.
A recent friendship lacks the strong cement
Of old acquaintance, time together spent,

Which held ours fast through half the age of man,
Continuing fresh as when it first began,
And interrupted only by the stroke
Which the last thread of thine existence broke.
Such penalty for lengthened life we pay,
To have our friends before us snatched away,
And at each rupture of affection's chain,
To suffer separation's heart-felt pain.
Yet, Separation, worst of human woes !
Of love and friendship cruellest of foes,
Thy sting affects the present state alone,
Another waits us where it is not known,
Where death comes not to sever friend from friend,
And souls enjoy communion without end.
And if the sense of our unworthiness,
A feeling conscious man can ill suppress,
Dims the bright view that faith should entertain,
Yet may we hope, through mercy not in vain,
The consummation in a happier sphere
Of amities, at best imperfect here.

Sonnet in Memory of the same.

'Tis sad, dear friend, to think of thee as gone,
Yet on thy memory I love to dwell,
And fondly, though but to myself, to tell
That such a friend I had : alas, but one !

To thee my cares and thoughts I could impart,
Assured of sympathy and such consent
As candid minds concede in sentiment,
So kind at once and faithful was thy heart.
Ours was a simple friendship, on esteem
And mutual liking founded, it disdained
Romantic feelings ever overstrained,
We were indeed the friends that others seem ;
Who sought, and had the happiness to find,
Each in the other a congenial mind.

Recollections of Squire at a later period.

DEAR SQUIRE, whene'er I mix with other men,
The feeling of thy loss revives again ;
I still have friends, and question not their worth,
But in their converse miss thy genial mirth ;
A mirth so guarded, that we never heard
In all its sallies an immodest word :
A mirth, not meant reflection to suppress,
It was not levity but liveliness,
An emanation from a happy heart,
Whence pleasantries at fancy's will would start ;
Yet the good stories in which wit found vent
Were preludes often to grave argument.
There, too, appeared in thee the candid mind,
Which in another it is hard to find,

That when we differed, as at times we did,
I never by thy frown was checked or chid.
Yet if I vented aught that seemed absurd,
Thy love of pure good-nature shewed I erred ;
So frank in speech, as in opinion free,
We might dissent but could not disagree.
And thus it is, when minds congenial meet,
Discourse is then an intellectual treat,
But chiefly when supported, as in thee,
By learning void of pride and pedantry,
So carefully concealed before th' unlearned,
That thy superior gifts they scarce discerned ;
Though various knowledge, not for show designed,
Oozed out from the mere fulness of thy mind.
I find not this in others, and still less,
The charm of all thy converse, friendliness.
Returning summer to my mind recalls
The days which, spent with thee, seemed festivals.
And now the friendly summons will not come,
Which used to draw me from my quiet home ;
A home, while else I had been loth to quit,
(Too often, when away, regretting it),
But that I knew thy house a home would be
(Thy kindness made it such) to mine and me.
And when I recollect the joy expressed,
Which made me feel I was a welcome guest,
Among my bygone pleasures I deplore,
That Ashen will be visited no more.

Nor less that at my humble board again
I shall not see thee, pleasantest of men.
I seldom weep—my tears are well-nigh spent,
And will not flow for what I most lament ;
Yet as I think of thee regret distils
A tear, known only to the eye it fills,
And this I check, reminded of the saw,
Which to our stern forefathers was a law :
For friends removed from earth let women weep,
But men their virtues in remembrance keep^o ;
A duty which to thee my mind will pay,
Till memory itself has past away.

On the Death of the Rev. Lancelot
Sharpe, Rector of All Hallows, Steyn-
ing.—Addressed to his Widow.

MARY, with thine our sorrow we would blend,
But grief is measured by the sufferer's loss :
And thou hast lost a husband, we a friend,
Thine is the sorer wound, the heavier cross.
We but regret whom thou must deeply mourn,
Yet mourn as one resigned ; howe'er distrest,
Think that bereavement meekly to be borne
By which a Christian enters into rest.

^o The maxim of the ancient Germans was, “ Fœminis lugere honestum est, viris meminisse.”—*Tacitus*.

Departed worth, which justifies our grief,
Of consolation is itself the source,
And sorrow has a licence to be brief
When nought has happened out of Nature's course :
No premature disruption of her ties,
For full of years, and honoured in his end,
Loved by the good, respected by the wise,
So passed from life our venerable friend.
Was it not better to be called away,
Than left the bitter dregs of life to drain ?
The sleepless night, the long and joyless day,
Infirmities, and childishness, and pain.
Snatched from such ills, he to the last preserved
His warm affections and his force of mind,
His firmness in the right, that never swerved,
And feelings keen, benevolent, and kind.
These were not quenched in dotage : timely sent,
Death with a stroke prevented that distress ;
It was a boon, and when thy tears are spent,
The mercy thou wilt thankfully confess.
The consciousness of duties well fulfilled
To him whom thou hast lost, will soothe thy soul,
And on his pious memory thou wilt build
A blessed hope, that he has reached the goal,
The goal that good men seek, and, which attained,
A gracious Arbiter awards the prize ;
There generous charity and faith unfeigned,
Grasp the rewards that here elude our eyes.

To the Memory of a Beloved Wife.

“Still must I cherish the dear sad remembrance,
At once to torture and to please my soul.”

Addison.

THOUGH we believe thy sainted spirit flown,
Beloved helpmate, to that blest abode⁴,
Whence, angel like, thou look’st with pity down
On us who groan beneath our mortal load ;

Thee still a husband’s fond regret pursues,
For him, alas ; untimely torn away :
Doomed, as he is, by that sad stroke to lose
In life’s decline his comfort and his stay.

Yet oft the mourner, whom his loss reminds
Of virtues that engaged his love below,
Recounting these, a gloomy pleasure finds,
A melancholy soothing of his woe.

The truth and kindness of thy constant heart
Let me record, who knew its value best :
Thy winning manners bland, but void of art,
The firmness of thy meek and gentle breast.

⁴ Poetry anticipates the resurrection, and imagines the departed to be already there, where (as our hope is) they will ultimately be—in heaven.

48 *Tributes to departed Relatives and Friends.*

That firmness, which not fashion's idol power
From piety's strait path could turn aside ;
Which armed thy soul to meet Death's awful hour,
And welcome his approach, unterrified.

Thy works will praise thee, whose effects we feel,
Good in themselves, which no vain witness sought,
Known to that narrow circle, for whose weal
Thy mind and hand alike unceasing wrought.

Nor did long years in toilsome duties spent
E'er move thy placid temper to repine :
Regardless of thyself, thou wast content
To seek their good, whose happiness was thine.

To thee it seemed no enviable fate,
The life of fortune's favourites, miscalled gay,
To waste in indolent uneasy state
The restless night, th' unprofitable day.

To thee life seemed for other uses given,
To act the Mother's and the Wife's good part,
And train in simple faith, as heirs of heaven,
Thy little flock, to glad a husband's heart.

But Beauty's secret spoiler, withering care,
Too keenly preyed upon thy mind and frame :—
Though still resigned th' appointed lot to bear,
Thou fain wouldest smile at trouble when it came.

Yet happier days are gratefully recalled,
Ere anxious thought had changed those looks serene,
Ere Time the freshness of our joys had palled,
Or marred our comfort with a blight unseen.

Remembrance of that early bliss unmixed,
Now fondly cherished, pleases whilst it pains ;
And one delightful image deeply fixed,
As love's first impress in my soul remains.

It represents a young and lovely maid,
Such as thou wast in life's enchanting prime !
Ah such—(if graces here that quickly fade,
Fade but to blossom in a better clime—)

Such art thou still ! for such we may conceive
Celestial faces, brighter, not more fair.—
But Beauty hastens a sin-soiled earth to leave,
When Heaven with strong attraction draws it there.

50 *Tributes to departed Relatives and Friends.*

With us the most adorned in mental grace,
Or outward form, are soonest doomed to perish ;
And modest goodness flies th' ungenial place,
Where few are found her humble worth to cherish.

But Piety, whose record is on high,
Exalts above the lowliest of her train ;
There is thy mansion, where no erring sigh
Is heard from us, recalling thee in vain.

Sad in ourselves we may rejoice for thee,
And deem thee happy that thy race is run ;
For whom Faith, Hope, and greatest, Charity,
A Saint's unfading crown have timely won.

*A Tribute to the Memory of Robert
Tweed, Esq., the Author's Father.*

"Laus illi debetur, et a me gratia major."—*Hor.*

FATHER ! though thou hadst reached those years,
When God has willed man's course to cease,
And wast bewailed with fewer tears,
Since nature sighed for that release ;

Though thy appointed work on earth
Was well performed and fully done ;
And thou hadst long outlived thy mirth
And all that pleased beneath the sun ;

Though life, if longer had remained,
Was to be suffered, not enjoyed ;
Its dregs of bitterness then drained,
When its past sweets thy taste had cloyed ;

Though thoughts like these our grief have checked ;
What ONCE thou wast remembered yet,
Strong is thy claim to our respect,
And memory still awakes regret.

Society an useful part
Saw thee with much applause fulfil,
And, practising the noblest art,
Combine humanity with skill,

The sufferer felt, besides thine aid,
A kindness from the heart that flowed ;
And where it least could be repaid,
There was thy readiest help bestowed.

But if from sickness and distress
Thy pity never turned away,
By nature thou wast formed no less
To gladden life and charm the gay.

To festive scenes o'erflowing glee
Thy cheerful presence could impart ;
Thy friendly greetings, frank and free,
Gained and rejoiced the poor man's heart.

52 *Tributes to departed Relatives and Friends.*

For thou in better times wast reared,
When courtesy good-will implied,
And in thy manner kind appeared
Urbanity unmixed with pride.

Such in the world thou wast !—for me—
Deep is the filial debt I owe !
What have I not derived from thee,
Of all I value most below ?

How soon thy benefits began
My childhood's first remembrance tells !
And through the boy, the youth, the man,
The long account of kindness swells.

Excited by thy partial praise,
Pleased I put forth my growing powers,
And hence have reaped, in riper days,
The fruit of early studious hours.

To thee I may ascribe whate'er
Of honour or of honest gain,
These talents, fostered by thy care,
Were thence enabled to attain ;

To thee my station well assigned,
Too high for scorn, too low for pride ;
And, in a cultivated mind,
A fund of pleasure self supplied.

Nor lightly pass, nor perish soon
The MORAL BENEFITS that flow
From education, that best boon
A parent's forecast can bestow.

These, next to God, I owe to thee,
Whose good effects may never cease,
But to that world extended be,
Where thou art entered into peace.

Our solace be, to think thee there,
Where spirits void of malice rest,
Where charity abides, and where
The meek and merciful are blest.

A Tribute to Frances M. Tweed, a dutiful and affectionate Daughter.

FANNY, some tears for thee will flow,
Though resignation bids them cease,
And reason checks the wail of woe
For one whose end was surely peace.

Thou wast not like the fair and gay,
The pride of parents' partial eyes,
But ah ! more meet for heaven than they,
Who boast of brighter qualities.

Shrinking with diffidence, thy heart
 Ne'er felt the dangerous wish to shine,
Content to fill a humble part
 And find its satisfactions thine.

The narrow circle of our home
 Thy pleasures and thy duties bounded ;
If ever tempted thence to roam,
 The wider view thy thoughts confounded ;

And thou wast longing to be there,
 Where not, as in the world, unheeded,
Thy worth was understood, and where
 Thy daily charities were needed.

Companion of my hearth and board,
 Thou sharedst my joys and my distress,
And could thy wishes have restored
 A widowed father's happiness,

I had been happy—and though this
 Was sadly felt beyond thy power,
That guileless converse I now miss,
 Could wile away the weary hour.

And oft thy well-meant efforts kind
 (I grieve to think how lightly held),
Served to refresh my languid mind,
 And thoughts that made me sad dispelled.

Sure of thy constant sympathy
I felt that I had near me one
Upon whose love I could rely :
The sense of loneliness was gone.

Thy loss renewes the painful void,
The seat is vacant where I used
To see thee ever well employed,
Or find thee harmlessly amused.

Some little good thy mind was bent
Here to perform, and flee from ill ;
And Heaven, that marks the good intent
More than the work, accepts the will.

Thy frailties, such as nature breeds
E'en in good hearts, were well atoned,
By kind affections, useful deeds ;
And services now missed and owned.

Thy simple faith (by works of love
The poor will witness how it wrought),
To yield obedience meekly strove,
And took on trust whate'er was taught.

And sure such child-like souls as thine
Are precious in a Saviour's sight,
Who tries them by a rule benign,
And in the weak discerns the right.

To the Memory of an affectionate Sister.

I LOVED thee, Sarah, though with love less fond,
Than that with which I was beloved by thee ;
For man loves not, like woman, tenderly,
Nor can his heart with equal warmth respond
To sisterly affection, prone to melt.

But that regard from kindred ties which grew,
And high esteem and approbation, due
To worth and piety, for thee I felt.
And still my mind connects thee with past mirth,
With late and early pleasures, from the praise
By thee first lavished on my childish lays,
To thy last welcome at my festive hearth.
And such regret, as thoughts like these will raise,
A brother, faithful to thy memory, pays.

**On the Sudden Death of a beloved
Brother.**

THOU hast been summoned brother, and art gone !

Unhappily for us who wished thy stay :
Not prematurely, for thy work was done,
But snatched with awful suddenness away.

It is a warning we might lay to heart ;
But other feelings now the mind engross,
When friends for ever from this earth depart,
What can we think of but our recent loss ?

Our thoughts, my brother, will revert to thee :
Reflection calls them home, but grief prevails,
To fix them where thy weeping family
A husband's and a father's loss bewails.

With inward sorrow (for I have no tears)
I mourn, as crowding rush upon my mind,
The reminiscences of threescore years,
Through which with thee I held communion kind.

Born of one mother, by one father trained,
And holding fast the strong fraternal tie,
Through life our early friendship we retained,
Linked in the bonds of love and sympathy.

Youth's lively pleasures we together shared,
And mourned together when those pleasures fled,
Our latter with our former days compared,
And, mingling sighs, each other comfortèd.

My cares to whom confiding but to thee,
Could I communicate, if ought befell
Which counsel might require, and secrecy,
What it relieved my burdened breast to tell ?

Our meetings, once so merry, to the last
The kindly warmth of mutual welcome cheered ;
And loving letters oft between us passed,
Which kept regard alive, and more endeared.

58 *Tributes to departed Relatives and Friends.*

Apart from friendship what is brotherhood ?
An accident of birth, and there it ends ;
Its real force we better understood,
Who, more than brothers, were congenial friends.

O from a brother such as thou hast been,
'Tis hard—but harder would it be to part,
If yet my feelings, as in youth, were keen,
And frequent sorrow had not seared my heart.

But age our sensibilities impairs,
And in their bluntness finds a dull relief :
What must be borne an old man calmly bears,
And feels a stunning not a piercing grief.

I have sustained the shock, and, discomposed,
Yet have not lost the balance of my mind ;
But meet the sad bereavement, which has closed
A life-long friendship, with a soul resigned.

Meanwhile affection's tribute I would pay,
And to thy memory consecrate my lines ;
Thus tasking to compose a parting lay,
A faculty which day by day declines.

To the Memory of Mrs. Blencowe, of
Rayne, Essex.—Addressed to her
Daughter.

If from a heart surcharged with its own woe,
For others' griefs my tears have failed to flow,
Too sad a cause within my breast is found,
Where rankles scarcely filmed an unhealed wound.
But though more deep laments to thee belong,
Shade of my sainted spouse ! forgive the wrong,
If with a sorrow more severe I blend,
A just regret for one peculiar friend.
Though no fresh argument I need to weep,
Yet let not faithful recollections sleep,
Of her whom ancient friendship had endeared,
Long-known, and only known to be revered.
No common loss in Blencowe we deplore,
The friend of high and low, of rich and poor ;
Who, from the world retiring, timely wise,
Fulfilled its duties, while she felt its ties.
Who in her well-mixed character combined
Benevolence of heart with strength of mind,
And with the virtues of her station graced
Her higher virtues on religion based ;

60 *Tributes to departed Relatives and Friends.*

Religion, by its fruits best understood,
The love of goodness and of doing good,
Still proving, as her heavenward path she trod,
By charity to man, her faith in God.
A life well-spent was crowned with length of
days,
And grateful memory will prolong its praise ;
While sorrowing friends will call her worth to
mind,
And deep as their regret their solace find.

But chiefly thou, of duteous daughters best,
Touched by the stroke more nearly than the
rest,
Yet not without a pious hope shalt grieve,
And from thy conscience sweet support receive :
Who thy best years didst willingly devote,
To soothe her cares, her comforts to promote,
Her love with filial fondness to requite,
To prop her age, and make its burden light.
Thy lively converse, her continual feast,
Fresh joy supplied when other joys had ceased ;
Her home made cheerful, and her mind at ease,
The cup of life was pleasant to its lees.
This is thy praise, nor be thy comfort less,
Thine end obtained, a mother's happiness.

Though for a season sorrow will have way,
And tears so just are not soon taught to stay,
Though missing her, with whom in every scene,
Nurse, counsellor, companion, thou hast been ;
Thou for a while must feel a void, as one
Who finds a blessed “occupation gone,”
Yet consolation is assured to thee,
Thine own good thoughts thy comforters will be.

To the Memory of my Kinswoman, Mrs.
W. Barlow, of Writtle, Essex.

I AM not one whom sorrow melts to tears,
And yet my heart could weep that thou art gone,
My old companion and familiar one,
With whom were spent my childhood’s guileless years.
Thou wast my early playmate, and didst share
Those pleasures by no forethought overcast,
That happiness, so certain not to last,
Which children only taste, unmixed with care :
Our lives advanced together, and our fates
United us in many a cheerful scene,
And though, like others, chequered they have been,
Our meetings memory still associates
With festive seasons, and those days of mirth,
Which make us dream of happiness on earth.

2.

WE dream of happiness, till some event,
 Sad as the present, shews it is a dream,
 From which we wake to mourning ; a bright gleam
 Of transient bliss, a foretaste only sent
 To raise our longing, but the feast deferred,
 And for a state reserved which never ends,
 Where the great Master entertains his friends ;
 There, in reliance on His gracious word,
 And cherishing good hope, as He hath taught,
 We trust thou art received, a recent guest,
 Whom we may meet in that assembly blest :
 For faith encourages the pleasing thought,
 That the same mansion is prepared above
 For those who dwelt together here in love.

To the Memory of Miss Earless, daughter of the Rev. W. J. Earless, formerly Master of Felstead School, Essex.

IN pity sent, to terminate thy woes,
 To thee, dear Julia, death has brought repose :
 And he who mourns for thee, himself distressed,
 Sad, but resigned, confesses it is best ;
 Though none had prayed more heartily than he *
 That Heaven would perfect thy recovery.

* See p. 16.

Till this last sickness came, which from the first,
Seemed like a warning to expect the worst,
I hoped that He, who from destruction's door[†]
Had snatched thee once, thy health would yet re-
store ;
That after thy long trial, as of gold,
Affliction would at length relax its hold ;
That years of happiness might yet be thine,
Thy life late ending in a calm decline.
Ah ! vain to hope for that which could not be !
There was against it a foregone decree,
So certain from the first was that event,
So fatal that mysterious accident !
Yet kindly death the final stroke delayed,
That thou by suffering more perfect made,
In ripeness for a better world might'st grow,
And one kind office yet fulfil below ;
That as a second parent thou might'st be,
To her who first performed that part for thee.
For this the blow, that other powers impaired,
Thy mind's superior energies had spared,
And by the sense of duty well sustained,
Strength out of weakness thy firm spirit gained ;
Aiding the willing soul to exercise
Unostentatious nameless charities.

[†] From a terrible accident Miss C. had escaped with life, and, after years of suffering, had of late seemed and looked so well, as to encourage the hope of her ultimate recovery.

Upon thy pious course my verse might dwell,
The part of a good Christian acted well,
But higher need it claims than mortal praise,
And human feelings mingle with my lays.
Our hearts are yet too gross to contemplate
In thee, the saint in her exalted state ;
Not as thou art (which here we may not see),
But as thou wast, my thoughts revert to thee.
I saw thee from thy childhood, fair as good,
In beauty grow to blooming womanhood ;
Nor stroke of accident, nor touch of time,
Has e'er effaced th' impressions of thy prime.
Still I recall that form so long admired,
Those looks which tender sentiments inspired,
That smile which in each heart emotion raised,
And to a lover turned whoever gazed.
And spite of pain, which to thy visage gave
A sorrowful expression, meek but grave,
Though years of suffering had marred thy frame,
That sweet attractive smile was still the same.
Nature, to compensate for other harm,
Had left thee to the last the power to charm.
Ah, though I see thee bodily no more,
Thy fairest image fancy will restore ;
To that, thou dear departed, will be paid
An incense not ungrateful to thy shade,
The lasting admiration of a friend,
Who early loved, and loved thee to the end !

On seeing Julia after her Death.

AH why will memory contrast that look,
When last I saw thee living, still so fair,
With that, when life had ceased to linger there,
On which I gazed, until my frail frame shook !
The change which death had wrought, too sensible,
I sadly marked, and felt a chilling shock !
Those pale and rigid features seemed to mock
One, who had loved the living form too well.
Yet "Thy flesh rests in hope," still unsubdued,
Awaiting, to redeem it from decay,
The Great Restorer's voice, when He shall say
To the dry bones, "Arise, with life renewed."
Then shall thy dust a glorious form assume,
Thy face with renovated beauty bloom.

Sonnet on the Early Death of Sophia.

"The beautiful has been made permanent."—SOUTHEY.

I KNEW thee young, and amiable, and fair,
And I believed thee good, and that belief,
Now thou art gone, shall mitigate our grief,
With pious thoughts still combating despair.
What other solace for a loss like thine ?
"Death to the good is gain," the Scripture saith ;
That soothed thy sickness, and inspired a faith
Which cheered thy death-bed with a hope divine.

In beauty, frail and mortal, thou art "sown,"
In bright immortal beauty to be "raised!"
We who have seen thee blooming here, and praised
Thy graces, flowers of youth, not fully blown,
Think of thee now, as of a spirit pure,
By suffering perfect made, of bliss secure.

On the Death of a valued Friend, unfortunately burnt to death—Miss Marianne Squire.

THE heart is grieved, nor easily resigned
To part from one long-known and ever kind ;
But sorrow for thy loss, lamented friend,
Was more embittered by thy painful end.
When unaffected goodness, such as thine,
Is doomed to suffer, Nature will repine ;
The mind its Christian discipline forgets,
And mingles murmurs with its deep regrets.
"Ah wherefore," we exclaim, "is torture's smart
Inflicted on the meek and pure in heart?"
Such worth, we deem, by partial thoughts misled,
A fate less grievous might have merited.
But soon corrected, as we contemplate
A soul thus fitted for a better state,
Through suffering purified by Him, who proves
His genuine children, chastening whom He loves,

We cease the stern appointment to arraign,
Soothed by the thought that death to thee was gain,
There was a latent mercy we confess,
In transient pains that led to lasting happiness.

**Ils ne sont pas perdus, ils nous ont
devances.**

Not without hope, departed friends deplore ;
They are not lost, but only gone before.

POEMS MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

To a Friend on the Loss of his Brother.

LEST I should wake perhaps a slumbering pain,
I have forborne to touch on thy distress,
In heart condoling with thee not the less,
That I from verbal sympathy refrain :
For words are wretched comforters at best,
And yet thy sorrow may it soothe to know,
Thou hast a friend who can conceive thy woe,
Once for a brother's loss, like thee, distrest.
Yet in believing that "he is at peace,"
There is sweet consolation : make it thine,
And, adding human comfort to divine,
Divert thy mind with other thoughts, and cease
From one too painful. Thou wilt find relief
In duty, man's best remedy for grief.

The Ministry of Angels.

THROUGH the wide earth God operates, you own,
But by what means, you deem to man unknown.
How read we then ? The world, it is revealed,
Of spirits, good and evil, is the field.

While these by sufferance cause the partial ill,
Which may consist with one all-gracious will ;
Those are sent forth on errands great and grave,
To minister to men whom God would save^a.
We see them not : who sees the subtle air ?
Much less the subtler beings passing there.
An angel's waving wing, for aught we know,
May cleave the cloud, and cause the storm to blow ;
Or demons, through the murky air that sail,
May waft the pestilence that taints the gale.
All the phenomena of health and life,
Of elements the concord or the strife,
Which to some cause occult vain man refers,
Nor owns an agent, if unseen he stirs :
Those accidents, which tend in various ways
To gladden or embitter mortal days,
Proceed, and are produced, as Heaven may will,
By active spirits who His behests fulfil.

Oft in the battle, when the hero bleeds,
These urge him on to where the death-ball speeds.
As oft commissioned some great chief to shield,
(So Wellington outlived his last dread field),
They watch—a thousand at his right hand fall,
The Heaven-protected one survives them all.

Nor less their province in the tranquil scene,
To bow the bold, the menaced head to screen ;
They wing their way where'er distress may sigh,
Or pride presumptuous rears her crest on high :
To stay the drooping with the staff of God,
And touch the arrogant with humbling rod.
They range the country by divine command,
Spread noxious blight, or fertilize the land,
Drop genial dews, or pour impetuous rains,
Till plenty crowns, or ruin wastes the plains.
Sent to the sick, one operates by stealth,
To bless the drug restorative of health ;
One, charged with death, the suffering wretch assails,
And aggravates disease, till medicine fails.

Yet prayer can change their course, to God addrest,
No power have they to grant frail man's request ;
But when the mind impending evils move,
If sighs of penitence ascend above,
Oft the destroying angel, called away,
Hears a superior voice, and quits his prey.
Then the same head, late bowed in deep distress,
Spirits of health and peace descend to bless.
Nor is the will divine the less obeyed :
By Him the plague was sent, by Him is stayed.
Is goodness wrought, and right from wrong obtained ?
God is well pleased, His gracious end is gained ;

Who, varying but His means, maintains His plan,
Fixed in Himself, but flexible to man ;
Whether His gifts are dealt, or arrows hurled,
Good angels bless, or evil blast the world.

Submission to the Divine Will.—Written under a Disappointment.

DISPOSER of our fates, at whose command
We flourish or decline, with whom will rest
Th' event of things, when man has done his best ;
As in prosperity I traced thy hand,
In sad reverse I recognise Thy will,
And, disappointed, deem Thee gracious still.

My talents I employed with honest aim,
For their dear sakes whom to desert were sin,
Not seeking wealth but competence to win,
And fair distinction rather than proud fame.
Is it my lot from these to be debarred ?
Thou see'st it good, if nature feels it hard.

I too have learnt that “not from east or west^b”
Promotion comes, but all on Thee depends ;
And oft to those Thou lovest least descends
The dubious favour, which to want is best,
If Thou by grace compensating the want,
Thy gracious gift, content art pleased to grant.

For worldly things I pray but on condition,—
 Grant these, if good ; but what would be my bane
 Let me not seek, or seeking, not obtain :
 And Thou, methinks, hast heard my meek petition,
 And dost withhold, its spirit to fulfil,
 A specious blessing, fraught perhaps with ill.

What Thou withholdest it is good to lack,
 And there was truth in Balak's bitter jeer,
 Ill meant to sting Thy mercenary seer,
 “It is the Lord from honour keeps thee back .”
 To my sore heart that unction faith applies,
 Thy Providence for good prevents my rise.

Corruption oft the prosperous course attends :
 By merit here to thrive, and having thriven,
 To 'scape the sin of pride, to few is given.
 My soul, if thou hast not attained thine end,
 Let conscience soothe thee, pine not for success,
 But Him, who has denied it, meekly bless.

The Widower's Wish.

PERMITTED still to sojourn here,
 Since life is granted for a while,
 Let me not want, my stay to cheer,
 Fair woman's converse and her smile ;

The pleasure her kind looks impart,
The comfort of her tender care,
The faithful counsels of a heart
Whose inmost feelings I may share.

That fellowship, more intimate
Than man can form with man, his friend,
And joys which that united state
With blessings numberless attend ;—

These I have lost, of her bereft
With whom I once possessed them all,
And now regret alone is left
For one whom I cannot recall.

But is there not reserved for me
Some dear one who may yet supply,
Lamented mate, this lack of thee,
This void in our sad family ?

One who may thy calm course pursue,
And with the same meek virtues shine,
And find, as thou wast wont to do,
Her happiness in seeking mine ;

One who in faith may follow thee,
And meet thee in those realms of rest,
Where I, if worthy found, may be,
With both conjoined in union blest.

For love enlarged, that warms the saint,
Is not confined to one, as here ;
Affection flows without restraint
From soul to soul, and all are dear.

There human jealousies are o'er,
They who on earth have loved the same,
In heaven each other love the more,
As glowing with a common flame.

And if a meet successor here
Should fill thy place, whom sore we miss,
It would not wrong thy memory dear,
It would not interrupt thy bliss.

Nay, thou, if conscious of our state,
Might'st intercede with Heaven to grant,
To him thou hast left desolate,
The helpmate it is woe to want.

Upon revisiting Abberton, near Col-
chester, where was the Author's first
Curacy.

With mingled feelings, Abberton, I view,
Thy venerable tower with ivy clad :
And while the thoughts thou wakenest I pursue,
The memory pleases, but the heart is sad.

'Tis sweet to recollect what joyous hours
Within thy friendly neighbourhood I passed ;
But painful contrast that remembrance sours,
When all that gladdened life is fleeting fast.

The period which connected me with thee
Was bright at least with hope, and while hope lives,
Whate'er our lot, the heart is full of glee,
A livelier happiness than fortune gives.

But, as with youth it flourishes and flies,
That hope we seek to renovate in vain :
And care-worn manhood, with reverted eyes,
Turns to the past to 'scape from present pain.

Thus thou art pleasing as a scene of youth,
Where social meetings closed laborious days,
And where my rude essays to preach the truth,
A partial audience crowned with welcome praise.

Thy church was my first charge, and weekly heard
Those warnings grave, which simple faith believed
Effectual to reclaim the souls that erred :
Fond pious hope, that more than all deceived !

For many a moral edifice we build,
Aiming at Heaven, which in the dust will sink :
And waxing old, how poorly were fulfilled
Our best designs, with bitterness we think.

Though gilded, as of yore, by that bright sun,
 These views recall sad questions to my mind,
 Where is the good I purposed to have done?
 Where is the happiness I hoped to find?

Are neither realized? disheartening thought!
 Not here to be pursued, where prospects bloom,
 Whence only peace and pleasure should be sought;
 Nor let my mind invest them with its gloom.

Long may they gladden him who sojourns here⁴,
 And Providence still bless his loved abode,
 Where oft I shared his hospitable cheer,
 And converse that with youth's warm friendship
 glowed.

Thoughts on New Year's Day, 1849.

GRATEFUL another year to see,
 Father of mercies! let me own
 That still I live and move in Thee,
 "My times are in Thy hands" alone.

Yet, as I hail the present year,
 I praise Thy goodness in the past,
 My life, with all its blessings here,
 Permitted to the end to last.

⁴ John Bawtree, Esq., one of the writer's oldest and kindest friends.

Protected in a happy land,
A nation with Thy favour crowned,
Amidst the falling made to stand,
Safe from the storms that raged around*.

Sustained, when private ruin spread
Its desolation far and wide,
E'en then with food convenient fed,
With every moderate want supplied.

Untouched in those dear ties, whose rent
Nature her sharpest pang would cost ;
While Death his dart on others spent,
Not one of those Thou gavest me lost.

Amidst infirmities of mind
And body, stayed and strengthened still,
The work Thy providence assigned
Enabled daily to fulfil.

So passed I through that annual round ;
Though profitless withal to Thee,
Not useless in my circle found,
Nor to myself unhappily.

* The year 1848 was a year of revolutions on the Continent and of commercial distress at home.

O who that terror may surmount,
Prepared to meet the dread account ?
He who has ceased at length from sin,
And "faithful to the end" has been.

But much in duty I have failed,
Nor fully the default bewailed :
Of sin and folly much have wrought,
And not repented as I ought.

So conscience prompts me still to pray :
"Lord, grant me yet a longer stay ;
O let Thy servant tarry here,
Till fit before Thee to appear.

And may Thy grace, which turns the heart,
The fitness that I lack impart,
And from the world my misplaced love
Transfer to Thee and things above.

Then, future joys before me set,
The present I shall less regret ;
Nor from this earth unwilling flee,
Glad to depart and rest in Thee."

Doubts touching a Departed One.

“ How his audit stands, who knows save Heaven ? ”—*Hamlet*.

O WERE I blest with an assurance clear,
That thou art happy in thy present state,
Then, though I miss, dear soul, thy converse here,
That thought would reconcile me to thy fate.

It were a solace for thy loss to know,
If ill with us, that it is well with thee ;
But fancies whispering, “ It may not be so,”
Still haunt my mind, and never wholly flee.

It is not unbelief: there is, we own,
A promise to the good of endless bliss ;
But what is promised to the good alone,
’Tis but too possible for man to miss.

The path is narrow, which we strive to keep,
The summit we would reach far out of sight ;
Too many fall, so hard th’ ascent and steep,
Who, shall we say, has gained that happy height ?

And then a dread alternative remains,
Instead of bliss, its terrible reverse :
For He who promised joys, has threatened pains,
The blessing forfeited involves the curse.

Our partiality may disbelieve
That woe can be incurred by one we love ;
Yet must the dead their due reward receive,
Respect of persons there is none above !

And hence we tremble for an erring friend,
And check our judgment, lest it be severe,
When after reckless living comes an end
So void of hope, we cannot choose but fear !

It was not so with thee ; far otherwise ;
Thy life was harmless, well-disposed thy mind,
Yet thou wast far from perfect in our eyes,
What errors in thee might Omnipotence find ?

That there was much to pardon e'en in thee,
We cannot doubt : yet mercy might abound,
And thy weak faith and well-meant charity,
Acceptance with Our Father may have found.

So would I fain believe, but gloomy thought
Disturbs a faith too weak to combat grief :
I want the firm persuasion deep inwrought,
The comfort of unwavering belief.

“ It is mine own infirmity,” that sighs
O'er human frailty, till my spirits sink ;
The state of bliss I fail to realize,
And from the dire reverse with horror shrink.

Great God ! Thy mercy's comprehensive scope,
Enlarge my heart, that I may understand :
And think with cheerful, charitable hope
On souls departed to that unknown land.

But give me friends in whom Thy mark is clear,
The mark of meetness for a better state.
Such be my choice, whose worth attested here
Leaves no misgivings for their future fate.

**On a Sudden Death, followed by
a Pompous Funeral.**

VAIN is the pomp of the funereal show,
Which rather mocks than benefits the dead ;
Nor soothes the living, more concerned to know,
Whither the spirit of their friend has fled.

Our minds misgive us, when a soul is gone,
Called on a sudden to the land of shades,
Whose awful secrets are revealed to none,
But darkness the conjecturing mind pervades.

Our sympathy beyond the grave extends :
We long with deep solicitude to know
The present state of our departed friends,
And if their destiny be bliss or woe.

Hence doubts, and hopes, and fears, conflicting rise,
Their mingled characters we freely scan ;
And from their good or evil qualities,
Raise questions not resolvable by man.

'Tis asked, if he can be a saint in heaven,
Whose converse was not with the saints on earth ?
Or is he lost, in whom the worldly leaven
Was mixed with much at least of human worth ?

If, while the strong in faith and virtue soar
To higher realms, and heavenly bliss attain,
There are not lower mansions, at whose door
Weak but well-meaning souls admission gain ?

Whether some Paradise there may not be,
Where the vague faith of erring honest minds,
Which yet brought forth the fruit of charity,
Through grace a merciful acceptance finds ?

Fond questions these, and hard to satisfy,
Yet thence imagination seems to borrow,
(When souls are summoned unprepared to die,)
A flattering hope at least to soothe her sorrow.

And let the weak, whose grief it charms away,
Thus lose themselves in vain conjecture's field :
The wise will rest upon a surer stay,
Who acquiesce in that which is revealed.

“Let the dead bury,” with due pomp, “their dead,”
But let the soul, whose hope is to survive
The body mouldering in its earthy bed,
So live as “dead to sin, to God alive.”

Why the Wretched fear Death.

THE man at ease in his possessions here,
The world he loves may well regret to leave ;
But why should they the fatal summons fear,
Whose lot is penury, who live to grieve ?

If death were non-existence, nothing worse,
At least the wretched might desire to die :
To them it were a blessing, not a curse,
The termination of their misery.

Yet oft they shudder with instinctive dread
(Wearied of life, but not to death resigned),
Lest, consciousness surviving in the dead¹,
Their sufferings in the grave no respite find.

Such terrors morbid fancy may create,
But in them thoughtful souls will recognise
Those intimations of a future state
Which nature gives us, dangerous to despise.

¹ “For in that sleep of death what dreams may come!”—*Hamlet*.

Family Prayers, as they Are, and as they Ought to be.

THE world of fashion, in religious zeal
Not to be wanting, worship *en famille*.
A hasty summons, at the close of day,
Collects the household formally to pray.
Without a thought beyond the things of earth,
They kneel—their hearts yet overcharged with
mirth.

Fresh from some pastime tending, as designed,
To chase reflection from th' uneasy mind ;
Or some droll tale, on which the memory dwells,
Tenacious, and each graver thought repels :
Scarce they compose the countenance awhile
To serious looks, which ill suppress a smile.
One reads a prayer, the rest may hear it read,
If they can listen with a wandering head ;
And at its close, as if rejoicing, then,
With much alacrity repeat “Amen ;”
Then rising quick shake off the transient gloom,
And their suspended levity resume.
Such is the worship thoughtless worldlings pay,
Which their lips mutter, not their spirits pray.

But they who are not of the world, will aim
To form the mind in its habitual frame,

To pure and pious thoughts ; and happy they
Who thus at all times are prepared to pray^s.
Yet from the world since none can wholly go,
And we must mix in its concerns below,
And taste its pleasures, sinful in excess,
Though granted to refresh life's weariness ;
Its vain delights and its engrossing cares
Will steal upon us, even at our prayers ;
This to prevent, which else might want excuse,
Let silent thought a serious mood induce.
For this the priest, or master, who, at least
Of his own household, is the proper priest,
Some holy lesson audibly should read,
Which to reflection roving minds may lead.
A spirit of devotion this will raise,
And predispose the soul to prayer and praise.
So when the thoughtless offer, wanting this,
The sacrifice of fools who pray amiss,
The voice of hearts prepared will enter heaven,
And what is asked in faith to faith be given.

Fashionable Conversation.

THE conversation of gay coteries,
Whose aim is not to profit but to please,
By courtesy called harmless, some might call
“Corrupt communication,” quoting Paul.

For idle words, if all must give account,
Their sins of speech are of no small amount,
Whose talk, than levity itself more light,
Insipid seems without a spice of spite :
Hence scandal pleases, by the witty head
Invented, and by dull ones widely spread ;
Hence ridicule delights, that finds rich food
For mirth in objects singularly good.
And in their ways, to lessen our respect,
Can always something ludicrous detect ;
Yet for their raillery they have this pretence,
“We mean no harm, we would not give offence.”
Says Candour, when a victim she has found,
“I would not for the world his feelings wound,
Good creature as he is, but looks so droll,
I cannot keep from laughing for my soul :
To quiz him to his face, it would be pert,
By what he does not hear he is not hurt.
Against our absent neighbours all is fair,
When present we must flatter them or spare.”
Is this sound speech, that need not be ashamed,
Befitting Christians? (Christians they are named !)
Speech should “with salt be seasoned,” it is
writ,
The salt of grace, and not of wicked wit.
But conversation that is deemed polite,
Excludes grave subjects, and ignores them quite,

For serious things are dull, or, as they say,
"A bore," to those who always would be gay.
The mind remains quiescent in their chat,
As for the soul, we must not speak of that.
Such coteries require nor soul nor mind,
Who enters there may leave them both behind,
Content to jest, as if beyond their reach,
They leave the nobler purposes of speech.
When reason and discourse are thus abused,
Can God's best gifts more grossly be misused?

He is Faithful that Promised.

THERE was a promise, when the Saviour came,
That His redeemed should serve Him without
fear ;
Is it that we have forfeited our claim,
That not to us is its fulfilment clear ?

For painfully we serve, and disinclined,
As those whose prospect of reward is fled ;
We doubt if services so poor will find
Acceptance, and rejection justly dread.

Nor from the worst of bondage are we freed,
But subject to the fear of death remain ;
The great deliverance, which we sadly need,
Is not vouchsafed : we sigh for it in vain !

The fault is ours, for He who promised will
As faithfully perform, though wait He may
Till His prescribed conditions we fulfil ;
Our slackness is reproved by His delay.

Slow to repent, and slower to believe,
No marvel if the promised grace we miss,
Which only penitence and faith receive,
Released from terror, and assured of bliss.

Let us implore Him who the will controls,
To touch our hearts with penitential grief,
And pray with the strong crying of our souls,
"Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief."

So faith will be increased, whence hope will spring,
So sweetly shall we feel ourselves constrained
To do His will, and serve unmurmuring,
And fear will be cast out by love unfeigned.

Love's Call from the World.

By all the love I feel, dear maid,
Which makes me for thy peace afraid,
I warn thee to avoid
Th' alluring world : I see the snare,
And charge thee not to enter, where
That peace would be destroyed.

Love, still to keep thee innocent,
The first pollution would prevent,
 By which the bad world stains
The mind of its gay votaress,
Whose retrospect would cause distress,
 And penitential pains.

From worldly pleasures, which ensnare
The soul, e'en worse than worldly care,
 And duty discompose,
To calm domestic scenes retreat,
And there one faithful lover meet,
 Worth a whole tribe of beaux.

From strong temptations that assail,
And cause the worldling's faith to fail,
 There is a refuge given
In each well-regulated home,
From which, whene'er we rashly roam,
 We retrograde from heaven.

What is the world, but that "broad way"
Where men to their destruction stray?
 Home is a humble shrine,
Where virtue, separate from vice,
Offers the daily sacrifice,
 Intent on things divine.

And such a home to share with thee,
My highest earthly bliss would be,
For which my heart would yearn,
If tempted by the world to quit
Our happy hearth, regretting it,
And longing to return.

Invitation to Sacred Music.

O STRIKE from those chords a devotional strain,
Though solemn yet cheerful, befitting the day ;
God wills not His creatures from mirth to refrain,
But when merry, glad tunes to His glory to play.

Nor grudge thy sweet voice in thanksgiving to raise,
Lest th' Accuser a charge of ingratitude bring ;
If thou, charming minstrel, wert mute in *His* praise,
Who formed thee so fair, and endowed thee to sing.

As the Jew, while he sojourned in Babylon, yearned,
And remembered Jerusalem e'en in his mirth,
So the Christian, whose home is above, will have
learned
To be mindful of heaven when rejoicing on earth.

Then give us not melodies poorly confined
To this world and its joys, for a season that cheer ;
Give us hymns to our Maker which raise the rapt
mind,
For such we may hope when immortal to hear.

The Doctrine of Grace guarded from Abuse.

Of grace divine, when rightly understood,
The doctrine in itself is sound and good ;
But oft to false conclusions it has led,
When urged too far, or misinterpreted.
“ There is in us no goodness, we are naught,
“ What we do well is by the Spirit wrought ;
“ On th’ other hand, the sin that we commit
“ Of Satan is the work, who prompted it.
“ For man does nothing of his own free-will,
“ Determined from without to good or ill ;
“ As blessed airs from Heaven, or blasts from Hell,
“ The passive voyager through life impel.”
So fatalists religious truths pervert ^h,
And find excuses to remain inert.

But human efforts grace was never meant
To supersede or make us indolent.
Man, by the fall, of holiness bereft,
As still responsible, some strength has left.
That strength if he exerts, with earnest aim
His nature from corruption to reclaim,

^h “ Some Theists suppose God both to decree and do all things in us (evil as well as good), or by His immediate influence to determinate all things, and so make them alike necessary to us.”—*Cudworth, Preface to Intellectual System.*

A power above will, if invoked, supply
Internal aid his soul to sanctify.
But if, by passion sway'd, he turns to sin,
Not hearkening to the voice that checks within ;
Of his misdeeds, and all their guilt and shame,
Not Satan, but himself, must bear the blame :
Since not against our will, th' infernal powers
Can force us to do wrong : the fault is ours.
So holiness through grace may be regained,
Though still with our concurrence, not constrained.
Yet at the outset of our Christian course,
“The Father draws us” with a gentle force¹ ;
Our goodness is from God, to Him we trace
The turning of our hearts, the primal grace.
Then the right course we freely can pursue,
“God working in us both to will and do¹.”
The tempter, “seeking whom he may devour,”
Is thus encountered by a mightier power :
For the good Spirit is our sure ally,
At whose rebuke that evil one will fly.
Thus is the ruin, which, by Heaven deserted,
We could not have escaped, through grace
averted.

¹ John vi. 44.

J Philipp. ii. 13.

The Evils that await us Unforeseen.

“Quod quisque vitet nunquam homini satis
Cautum est in horas.”—*Hor.*

“MAN never knows what he should most avoid,
From hour to hour unable to foresee ;”
So Horace sang, himself well-nigh destroyed,
Crushed by the casual falling of a tree.

Experience proves the bard’s reflection just ;
Safe from the dangers which they apprehend,
And most imperilled where they least distrust,
Men meet at length an unexpected end.

Nor from the quarter that we dread will come
The evil that awaits us ; come it will,
But unforeseen, a sad surprise to some,
The real heavier than the fancied ill.

The youthful soldier, on distinction bent,
Stretched on the hard-fought field expects to lie ;
Nor dreams of that inglorious accident,
By which, unknown, he is foredoomed to die.

A crisis, threat’ning loss beyond repair,
The merchant looks for at no distant day ;
And lives in dread of ruin, not aware
That, ere it falls, he will be snatched away.

A sore disease, and one she feared to name,
Aurelia thought, was gnawing at her breast :
Meanwhile consumption seized her tender frame,
And prematurely brought her final rest.

On slight alarm the apprehensive mind
At once anticipates some dire distress,
As fatal symptoms hypochondriacs find
In every feeling of uneasiness.

The things thou feared most are not the things
That will befall thee : so dismiss the fear,
Which fancy, mother of imaginings,
Has bred, the presage of a lying seer.

Though dangers manifold environ thee,
Yet trust the wise Disposer of thy fate,
The gathering storm thou seemest to foresee,
If not ideal, He can dissipate.

“Let not your heart be troubled,” He hath said,
“On Him who careth for you, cast your care ;”
There is no help for evil but His aid,
His aid no means of gaining but by prayer.
“Take with thee words,” the words He taught,
and say,
“Deliver us from evil,” day by day.

On the Choice of a Wife.—Addressed to a Son.

If, my son, defying fortune thou wilt venture on a wife,
And upon that venture risk the future comfort of thy life ;
Profiting by old experience, speaking in a father's voice,
Exercise discrimination, and avoid a hasty choice.
He that rashly weds, remember, from the fatal nuptial hour,
Holds his happiness suspended on a woman's twofold power ;
Who perhaps may make him happy, but can make him wretched too,
And embitter his existence—there are many wives that do.
“Who can find a virtuous woman?” said the wisest of mankind,
And as he described her, truly, such a one is hard to find ;
But that seeking thou mayst find her,—sought aright she will be found,
Providence the search of prudence with success has ever crowned,—
Seek her not in gay assemblies, in that artificial sphere,

Seek her in the private circle, where her nature will appear ;
Choose her from the middle station, not beneath thee, nor above,
Lest, if low-born, she degrade thee, or, if high-born, slight thy love.
Let her be sincerely pious, more in spirit than in form, Good, but humble, blending meekness with affections kind and warm ;
Fair and pleasing in her person, in her temper mild and sweet,
Young enough to be attractive, old enough to be discreet ;
Cheerful from a happy nature, not inclined abroad to roam,
In the vain pursuit of pleasure, better sought and found at home ;
Rather well-informed than learned, sensible, without pretence
To that cleverness, in woman less required than common sense ;
Healthful in her constitution, not too delicate to bear What man's helpmate must submit to, frequent trouble, toil, and care ;
Prudent; and so skilled to manage frugally thy house and board,
As to make the best appearance with the means thou canst afford.

Love should be disinterested, yet esteem her not
the worse,
If she add to sterling virtue something sterling in her
purse.
This will eke out thy hard earnings, insufficient to
provide
For thyself, and for a partner, and, it may be, more
beside.
Nor suppose a moderate household, little is required
to keep,
Those who count the cost of marriage know that
“marriage is not cheap.”
Hence a wife should bring a portion, if not large,
enough at least
On her part to meet the charges by her maintenance
increased;
For though limiting her wishes, never lady can dispense
With the comforts, which to furnish asks a decent
competence.

When thou meetest with a maiden thus endowed
and qualified,
Not unwilling to accept thee, let her be thy chosen
bride;
And with thankfulness transported, which so favoured,
thou wilt feel,
“Grapple her (a heaven-sent helpmate) to thy soul
with hooks of steel.”

On being asked for some Verses on the Choice of a Husband.

ON the choice of a husband you ask me to write,
'Tis a difficult subject and puzzles me quite ;
For I hold that a maiden, if properly taught,
Will not seek a husband, but wait to be sought.
A woman has no choice, until a man sues,
And then the one choice, to accept or refuse ;
But she mostly accepts : I have heard it asserted,
That her right of refusal is seldom exerted.
To compare small with great, it is like the Queen's
Veto,
A prerogative hazardous rather to flee to.
But the question with her is not, whom she shall
choose ?
But how to be chosen, which limits her views ;
And believe me, the simplest is here the best plan,
To be the nice girl that attracts a good man.
One flirts with a flirt, never meaning to wed her,
As knowing that others the same dance have
led her ;
And who the false-hearted coquette can approve ?
For what is flirtation but make-believe love ?
A man becomes grave when he thinks of a wife,
Not the toy of a night, but a partner for life :
And though not indifferent to figure or face,
Looks beneath them for traits of interior grace,

For sweet dispositions combined with good sense,
And the substance of piety, not the pretence ;
The good man discerns where these graces are found,
And she will be chosen in whom they abound ;
For he knows, and it makes him determined to
win her,
That “the heart of a husband may safely trust
in her^k.”

How some are kept from Sinning.

SOME favoured mortals are withheld from sin,
Not breaking out, though not subdued within,
By circumstances in their state or place,
To which what seems a merit they may trace.
Thus gentlemen to their position owe,
Their freedom from all vice accounted low ;
And ladies by their station fenced, though frail,
Retain the virtue no one dares assail :
While their poor sisters, who have no such fence,
Exposed to tempters, lose their innocence.
This made the servant to her mistress say,
“ You, Madam, in my place had gone astray.”
Thus, where the love of goodness is not strong,
The fear of losing caste deters from wrong.

Nor let them boast, whose lives correct have been,
Through want of opportunity to sin ;

^k *Prov. xxxi. 12.*

For her “convenient season” vice requires,
And a fit place to compass her desires.

There were two brothers, James and John, who
seemed

Both well-disposed, and each alike esteemed :
James, sent to college, there to make his way,
Read half the night, and almost all the day ;
John, lodged in town, to learn the healing art,
Acquired the science hospitals impart ;
There loose companions he was wont to meet,
With whom he roved when sirens walked the street.
Thus he became a rake, and not to dwell
On scandal longer than th' event to tell,
While James was slowly winning a fair fame,
John died of a disease we may not name.
What made the difference between John and James,
Men of like passions, both of honest aims ?
James might with reason bless his college walls,
As John had cause to curse the hospitals.

Thus is man's course for evil or for good
Determined often by his neighbourhood.
On situation virtue may depend ;
Where we are tempted least, we least offend.

Ye who at distance from temptation placed,
Are in your conduct regular and chaste,
Forbear at fallen ones to cast a stone,
And from that proof of frailty learn your own.

Like them you are composed of flesh and blood,
Nor more than others naturally good ;
By outward safeguards from gross sin restrained,
Be thankful to the gracious Power that deigned
To keep you blameless ; your deep debt confess,
And not yourselves but your Preserver bless,
Who “ordered all your goings,” and on high
There set you, whence to fall were infamy.
So virtue was secured by dread of shame,
And almost a necessity became.
Thus have ye stood where ye could hardly fall,
And this is more or less the state of all,
Who, but a little raised above the base,
Indebted more to Providence than grace,
Are virtuous by constraint : yet this is well,
For those that want a better principle.
Though virtue which proceeds from pure regard
To man’s opinion, has not Heaven’s reward,
Yet secondary motives are not vain,
Since those who lack the highest, they constrain.
“The good from love of virtue hate to sin¹,”
This is true praise, but who such praise may win ?
Souls of the common stamp, against their will,
“From fear of punishment abstain from ill ;”
So Horace taught, who well had learnt to scan
Th’ imperfect goodness of the natural man.

¹ “Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore.”—*Hor.*

Nor much above his standard do they rise,
 Whose virtues have respect to human eyes,
 Who shrink not, with a nicer moral sense,
 From sin itself, but from its consequence ;
 And have at best, to use the poet's phrase,
 "Avoided blame, but merited no praise ".

Better than our Forefathers, or Horace Corrected.

"WHAT does not time deteriorate?"
 Exclaimed the Sabine bard,
 Who cast on our degenerate state
 Reflections harsh and hard.

"Our grandsires bad, our sires were worse,
 Worse than our sires are we ;
 Our children (so descends the curse)
 Worse than ourselves will be."

So sang the heathen moralist,
 What in his days seemed true,
 But, clouded by a heathen mist,
 Contracted was his view.

= "Vitavi denique culpam
 Non laudem merui."—*Hor.*
 = "Damno quid non imminuit dies?
 Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit
 Nos nequiores, mox datus
 Progeniem vitiisorem."—*Hor.*

With us the case has been reversed,
And we should shame our breeding,
If we pronounced our age the worst,
Or worse than the preceding.

Good in our grandsires we might trace,
With something to condemn,
Our fathers were a better race,
We have improved on them :

And better than ourselves, we trust,
Our children will be found :
An expectation not unjust,
But resting on sure ground :

For He who lends His gracious aid
To raise up fallen man,
Forbids the world to retrograde,
Our progress is His plan.

The Hypochondriac.

WRETCHED the man, and sad his fate,
Whate'er his wealth or worldly state,
Within the cell of whose dark breast,
By fancies, as by fiends, possessed,
A morbid melancholy reigns,
Nor cheerful thought admission gains.

The objects, which with kind intent,
A gracious Providence has sent,
To gladden and delight man's heart,
To him no pleasure can impart ;
His mind investing with its gloom
The prospects that around him bloom.

The glorious sun, whose genial ray
Invites creation to be gay,
On his depressed and drooping head
No cheering influence can shed,
Those beams diffusing general gladness,
Seem but to mock his inward sadness.

A sense of wretchedness destroys
His sympathy with human joys :
Mournful he hears the merry bells,
Whose peal of happy nuptials tells,
And pities that unthinking pair
Just entering on a life of care !

Light troubles common to our kind,
As serious evils strike his mind,
Of failing health complaining still
He sickens with imagined ill,
Which less than real pain or grief
Admits of cure, or finds relief.

Not prosperous fortune's fairest smile
His deep dejection can beguile ;
E'en while success his schemes attends,
Some dire reverse he apprehends :
And vague forebodings of distress
Mar all his present happiness.

If wearied of a world like this,
He fain would look to future bliss :
His thoughts to heaven he fears to raise,
Distrust prevailing while he prays ;
Hope follows not upon his prayer,
But a faint struggle with despair.

The promises of mercy kind,
With which religion soothes the mind,
He dares not to himself apply,
Poor outcast from felicity !
But fancy full before him sets,
In dread array, her awful threats.

Unhappy state ! when o'er the soul,
Reason exerting no control,
Imagination darkly sways,
And sadness on the heart-strings preys.
Then is man's lot a weary load,
The path of life a joyless road.

But who shall free him from this state,
So hopeless, so disconsolate?
Ah none but He, whose word of might
The powers of darkness put to flight,
This horrid demon can expel
From the sad heart it makes a hell.

An Elderly Man's Thoughts on his Birthday (æt. 52).

THE youngster with appropriate mirth
May hail the day which gave him birth,
To him it gaily seems to bear
Of opening life the prospect fair.
Such is the hope which not in vain
Kind nature bids him entertain:

But to an elder's withered heart
Small glee his birthday can impart:
His years he numbers but with pain,
So many gone, so few remain!
And in its flight each passing year
Deprives him of some object dear,

Unlike the young, whose minds elate
With joy the future contemplate,

From sad experience of the past,
He feels that nothing here can last.
So frail the tenure he has found,
Of all to which his heart was bound !

Hilarity becomes not me,
Nor that exuberance of glee,
With which a birthday fills the boy,
Still looking forward to some joy.
What can the old but ill presage ?
Hope is for youth, but fears for age ;

And yet, till Heaven has ceased to bless,
I would look up with thankfulness,
And hoping against hope, be gay
To welcome in my natal day,—
The festival from which I date
My entrance on this chequered state ;

For life, which comprehends the rest,
Of God's good gifts must be the best ;
And mine, though mixed with grief and care,
Of happiness has had its share,
Enough for grateful thoughts to dwell
On goodness inexhaustible.

On the Advance of Age.

THE advance of age we sadly feel,
 But most in what it takes away ;
Which daily seems from life to steal
 Something, wherein our pleasures lay.

The sources of our former pride
 Now generate disgust and pain :
Our very looks are mortified,
 Few traces of ourselves remain.

Old friends our changed appearance shocks,
 And pointing to their shaken frames,
Nature her altered children mocks,
 And odious pity for them claims.

Our strength declines, our memories fail,
 Our senses are no longer clear,
Our eyes too dim to read a tale,
 Our ears too dull discourse to hear.

Small pleasure now the scenes afford,
 Which shone in earlier life so fair :
And if we seek the social board,
 We miss our old companions there.

Some joys there are, which, once withdrawn,
We now desire not to renew :
As when the power to sport is gone,
We lose the relish for it too.

It is not so with friends removed,
Whose loss we cease not to deplore,
And wish, for they are still beloved,
To meet, as we have met before.

Our other ills, when nature fails,
We bear, as men resigned best may,
But heavier gloom the heart assails,
As those we love are swept away.

To us alike, and all around,
Time sends his notices to quit,
As friendly hints, lest we be found
For our removal hence unfit.

A Parting Wish.

THAT we may not on earth meet together again,
Is a thought which we cannot admit without pain,
But there is a reflection corrective of this,
We may meet again, where to meet would be bliss.

“Many mansions” there are in the city of God,
Where congenial souls have their final abode ;
That we the same mansion may occupy there,
Is an innocent wish, an affectionate prayer.

One Adieu Sufficient.

O LET not him who once has bid adieu,
Return to seek another interview,
For why should he repeat that word of pain ?
What is it but to want to weep again ?
That inward weeping not relieved by tears,
Where more distress is suffered than appears ;
Once felt, it would be folly to renew
The pang it costs to bid old friends Adieu.

Kind Remembrance of the Departed.

DEATH to departed friends new value gives,
A dearness greater than was felt in life ;
Fresh in our memory, then, each virtue lives,
Their failings fade, and we regret our strife.

Thus, Fanny, when we think of thee as gone,
Thy worth we prize, not duly prized before ;
O'er every fancied fault a veil is drawn,
And every little difference we deplore.

In this is nature's kindness : the good name
Of those she takes away, she still would save ;
And bids us to the dead impute no blame,
But leave their frailties buried in their grave.

Lasting Love.

ERE they have reached the years attained by me,
The many cease to love. Extinct in them
The tender feeling they in me condemn ;
In whom extinguished it will never be !
It will attend me hence, and, in that state
Where we are taught to look for happiness
More perfect than frail mortals may possess,
Will find its proper object and true mate.
For if there be that state, which faith assures,
Will not the best affections of the soul,
Then purified by spiritual control,
Survive, and form the bliss which there endures ?
Yes, in that better world thou wilt be dear ;
And I shall love thee there, who loved thee here.

To my Niece Faithful, with a small Volume of Sermons.

FAITHFUL, since a name is thine
Which admits a sense divine,
May it be thy pious aim
To respond to that good name ;

Faithful as in earthly love,
Faithful to that Friend above,
Who more to thee than human friend,
Will be "faithful to the end."
How His favour thou mayst earn,
From this simple volume learn :
Laying the foundation sure
Of belief in doctrines pure,
Whereon building thou mayst raise
Virtues that will win His praise,
Which above He will record,
And with a "crown of life" reward.
Such a crown He promiseth
To the "faithful unto death."

The Love of Life resolved into the Fear of Death.

"Conscience doth make cowards of us all."—*Hamlet.*

We cling to life while life has aught to give
To sense delightful, or t' affection dear :
Nor lessened is our fond desire to live,
When age forbids our long continuance here.
And yet the love of life, our nature saith,
Though strong, is weaker than the fear of death.

Not of death merely, let me mend the phrase
With better words than mine: It is “the
dread
Of something after death ^o,” that so dismays
The natural man, to grave reflection led;
And the frail Christian the same thought appals,
Oft as the future judgment he forestals.

A sainted prelate felt and owned a fear ^p,
(Such fear at times the calmest soul betrays,)
“It is an awful thing for man t’ appear
Before his Judge and answer for his ways;”
Such feelings if the wise and good confess,
What must we feel who lack their worthiness?

I dread the day when I must give account
Of my long life, not wisely spent or well:
For sins and follies of no light amount,
Spread over many years, against me tell:
Besides the consciousness, which haunts me still,
Of duties left undone, or done but ill.

^o Hamlet.

^p Bishop Butler; of whom it is related that walking once in his garden with his chaplain, he suddenly turned to him and said, “I was thinking what an awful thing it is for a human being to stand before the moral Governor of the universe, to give an account of all his actions in this life.” (See Quarterly Review for Oct., 1839.) And in his *Analogy* (Pt. i. ch. ii.) he says: “Reflections of this kind are not without their terrors to serious persons, the most free from enthusiasm, and of the greatest strength of mind.”

If, looking on the fairer side, I find [please,
 Some deeds which might, on retrospection,
 A sensitive and self-accusing mind [these :
 Questions the motives, which have prompted
 And can a few good works, I sadly say,
 If good they were, a load of sin outweigh ?

Convicted of demerit thus, and vexed
 With thoughts which make it terrible to die,
 I seek for comfort in some gracious text,
 But cannot to myself its balm apply ;
 A sick physician of the soul I feel,
 A malady beyond my power to heal.

We learn but ill the lessons that we teach,
 As priests or moralists : the Lichfield sage⁴
 A higher virtue taught than he could reach,
 Whence terror and remorse disturbed his age ;
 “I may have written well,” he said, “but then
 How have I lived ? Alas ! like other men !”

So Christian ministers, with pious aim,
 The standard of religion fixing high,
 Fall short of it themselves, and, to their shame,
 Their own requirements fail to satisfy ;
 Then, self-condemned, internally they groan,
 And dread a judgment heavier than their own.

⁴ The Lichfield sage, Dr. Johnson. For the terrors with which he contemplated death, see Boswell's Life, Windham's Diary, and Johnsoniana.

I, too, have preached to others : now afraid
 “Lest I myself become a castaway,”
I shrink from death, and seeing him arrayed
 In terrors, for a longer respite pray :
“Father of mercies, my brief span extend,
And fit me, yet unfit, to meet mine end.”

Thus life we crave from fear as much as love ;
 Yet better than the boon of length of days
Would be the prospect bright of bliss above,
 To this our aspirations could we raise ;
But erring man is slow to entertain
 The hope of saints, assured that “death is gain.”

Assurance some have felt, or so have thought,
 Of blessedness hereafter ; and the pure
In heart, who righteousness through faith have
 wrought,
 May well believe their final state secure.
Who would not gladly of himself believe it ?
Happy the hopeful soul who can receive it !

That hope which from a sense of pardon springs,
 Lord, let thy Spirit breathe into my heart :
So shall I rest, and, loosed from earthly things,
 Be willing at Thy summons to depart ;
If only from my mind Thou wilt remove
 The veil of self-distrust that hides Thy love.

All Lost but Hope.

“GIVER of good ! I ask not wealth,
Since competence is best,
Be the sound mind bestowed, and health,
And let me gain the rest.”

So once I prayed, and bounteous Heaven
Was pleased my prayer to grant ;
For with these precious blessings given
I knew no worldly want.

But they are gone, as not designed
To last, my frame decays,
And with its weakness touched, my mind
Sad sympathy betrays.

For, this material part distrest,
The soul is felt to pine,
As if a god were ill at rest
Within a shattered shrine.

Now new resources, Heaven, bestow !
Since human power is fled,
When sickness brings the body low
And blights the studious head.

And take not that last hope away,
Be it verified in me !

That Thou of him wilt be the stay,
Who has no stay but Thee.

To a Christian à la mode.

“ Still the world prevailed.”—*Thomson.*

CHRISTIAN, who still at heart the gay world’s slave,
Its modes pursuing and its vain delights,
Yet layest to thy soul, as sure to save,
“ The flattering unction” of external rites,—

Boast not thyself an heir of grace divine,
For what in infancy was wrought on thee^r ;
Vain is thy glorying in that outward sign,
If thou art void of inward sanctity.

A heritage on one condition given,
This unfulfilled, thou ne’er may it possess :
And that reversion we might claim of Heaven,
May lapse at last for want of holiness.

It is not from without that men are saved,
As members of a Church, however pure ;
If unrenewed in mind, in heart depraved,
In no communion canst thou be secure.

“ Noli ergo de Baptismo gloriari quasi ex ipso salus tibi sufficiat.”
“ Boast not of baptism, as if of itself it were sufficient for thy salvation.”
Augustine, quoted by Archdeacon Wordsworth.

But they, who fain would live as others live,
Less to the Church than to the world belong ;
Though due attendance bodily they give,
At early Matins or at Evensong.

For what avails to haunt the house of prayer,
And act awhile a sanctimonious part,
And thence to dissipation's courts repair,
To shew the world its hold upon thy heart ?

The Tempter, marking with malicious smile,
When principles with practice are at strife,
Derides your vain attempts to reconcile
A strict profession with a worldly life,

Who varying, as the rubric rules, your mood,
Observe a fast or keep a holy-day,
In Lent resolve to be severely good,
But long for Easter when "ye may be gay."

In vain ye hallow every holy tide,
And keep the festival of every saint,
While yet the soul remains unsanctified,
And still there cleaves to you that worldly taint.

"Love not the world," the holy volume saith,
Of which a portion daily ye peruse,
With more formality perhaps than faith,
Not choosing the strait path it bids you choose.

It is a pious custom, ye may plead ;
But does it raise the heart from things below ?
Or is the word so scattered, but as seed
Which, falling on the surface, fails to grow ?

For " Psalms and Lessons," indolently read,
Whose spirit, as ye read, evaporates,
Leave faint impressions on the languid head,
The mind their meaning rarely penetrates.

Yet ye do well, the Scriptures if ye search,
Their saving truths solicitous to learn,
And it is good that ye frequent the church,
If in that service you its end discern.

Man is deceived by forms, as he deceives ;
God, not so mocked, their hollowness detects,
And as His Spirit heartless worship grieves,
The homage merely formal He rejects.

A ceremonial service is a show,
Whose higher object oft eludes the view :
God is a spirit, and to Him we owe
A spiritual worship, pure and true.

Such be thy service, not prescribed by those
Who, halting half-way on the road to Rome,
Her superstitious yoke would re-impose,
Her " form of godliness " restore at home.

From godliness with worldliness allied,
 In strange conjunction, little good we bode ;
 True piety averse to pomp and pride,
 Suspects religion when it is “the mode.”

Seek, then, the narrow path and shun the broad,
 Henceforth “the friendship of the world” decline,
 A saint has said, ‘tis “enmity with God*,”
 Dread, Christian, lest that enmity be thine.

Verses written under the Apprehension of Evil.

O THOU, who swayest all events,
 Dispensing good, averting ill,
 Since life, and life’s sad accidents,
 Depend upon Thy sovereign will,

Obedient to that kind command,
 Which bids us “cast our care” on Thee,
 I view, suspended in Thy hand,
 Those evils which encompass me.

And since no real ill can harm
 Whom Thou vouchsafest to befriend,
 The shield of Thy protecting arm
 I seek, my weakness to defend.

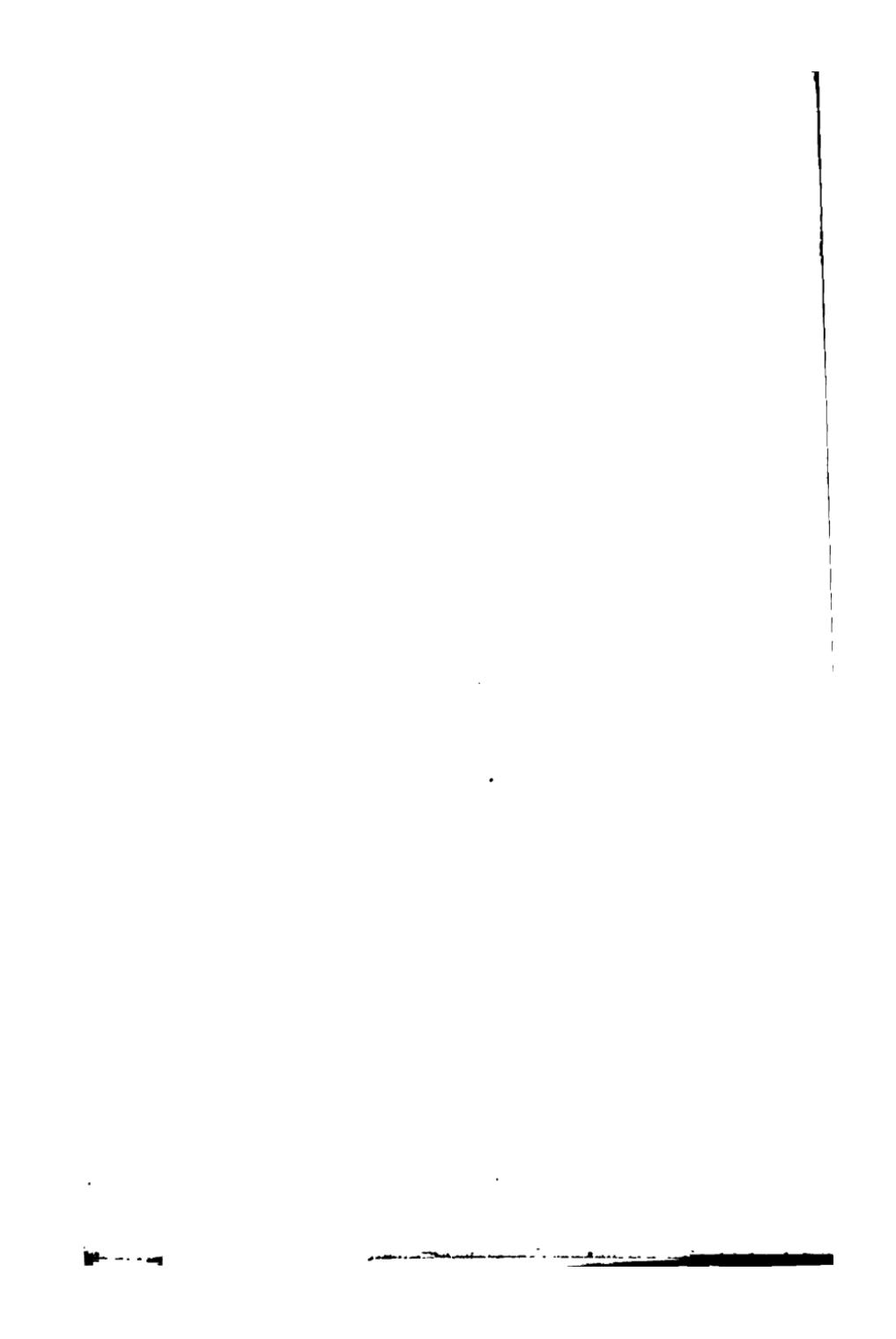
* James iv. 4.

So shall I hold my course, secure
In meek reliance on Thy power,
Engaged my safety to ensure,
Though sin should tempt, and troubles lower.

In trials for weak flesh too hard,
In perils passing our control,
Thy providence my frame will guard,
Thy grace keep undefiled my soul.

Such is Thy promise, gracious Lord,
To man, who, in himself, though frail,
Is strong in Thee, and trusts Thy word
In faith and hope too firm to fail.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

“Know’st thou not me,” she cried, “my ancient host?

Thy guest I was, and once thy only guest :
I nursed what little talents thou canst boast,
Which thou hast turned against me like the rest.

“Thy early friend, I taught thee to apply
To honest arts and studies all thy powers,
To me thou ow’st, who now from me wouldest fly,
Thy best of life, its intellectual hours.

“And what the sad return ? each nerve to strain
In the vain hope to drive me from thy door ;
To rack thy wits to rescue from my reign
Thy wife and children, fated to be poor.

“What hast thou gained ? my absence would thou
say ?
Is then my place by welcome guests supplied ?
Confinement, care, and conflict, day by day,
With stubborn spirits might abate thy pride.

“Is not thy life consumed in thankless toil ?
To teach, whom nature never meant to learn ;
To mend their manners whom the world will
spoil,
And by thy ceaseless pains their hatred earn.

“Thine is an honourable charge, it seems,
But are thy dunces better than my duns?
These thou must brook, and worse than these the
whims

Of parents, more capricious than their sons.

“Thy mind, which higher science would attain,
Is weakened by thy dull and downward course;
And Mercury, who should inspire thy brain,
Now on thy torpid liver spends his force.

“Thy home is now no privileged retreat,
From interruption and intrusion free;
Ten prying inmates mark thy secret seat,
And are as spies upon thy privacy.

“Quiet has fled thy roof: it rings with noise,
Nor peace nor comfort canst thou find within,
‘Stunned with the eternal turbulence’ of boys,
Plagued by their mischief, deafened by their din.

“On others’ tables when repast is poured,
It is a joyous time and joy they feel;
But discontented spirits haunt thy board,
And thou hast learnt to loathe the common meal.

“Not so, when poverty thy trencher spread,
And with the viands brought the wish to dine,
Then couldst thou eat with merry heart thy bread,
And cheerfulness would flush thy cheeks like wine.

“ Ah, then thou wast the liveliest son of mirth,
Ere thou hadst stooped in mammon’s mine to grub :
But now the fund that cheered the social hearth,
Can scarce supply with monthly puns the club.

“ To greater ills thy thrifty course has led,
Than my privations at their worst could be ;
A wasted frame, weak nerves, and ’wilder’d head,
These are the fruits of thy divorce from me.

“ Contrast thy present with thy past condition,
And if less happy, since I left thy door,
Retrace thy footsteps, ‘ fling away ambition,’
Dismiss thy plagues, and dare again be poor.”

She said : the tutor found her words too true,
They touched a question which had oft perplexed ;
Should he his plan of life commence anew ?
Or still drudge on, though wearied, worn, and vexed ?

But soon another Form his fancy raised
(Fancy gives form to what is but a name),
Half vice, half virtue, more approved than praised,
'Twas Worldly Pride, or Honourable Shame.

Her hand she waved, and summoned from beneath
A train of imps, but imps of mortal kind ;
They marched, like Banquo’s issue, o’er the heath,
Their figures seen, their numbers undefined.

And thus the Form : “What Poverty could urge
Thou heardst at length, but these shall speak for me ;
Behold thy children from that gulf emerge !
This, if thou sink, will their condition be.”

The tutor looked, and saw his first-born son,
Whose talents served a father’s pride to swell,
And promised honours, surely to be won,
If all that blossomed fair bore fruit as well,—

Now in a journeyman’s degraded state,
He grasped a ponderous pestle, lingering long,
Loud as the mortar rang, he mourned his fate,
“Sic vos non vobis,” was his dismal song.

Close at his heels, his pensive brother trod,
A wretched pun his wretched doom consoled,
“Gentleman usher of the sable rod,”
His office, scholars, not his own, to scold.

Two daughters followed : one, the least distrest,
The teacher in a school of humble fame ;
And one a home had found, but not its rest,
The scorned companion of a purse-proud dame.

They passed : and others came behind, whose looks
Spoke them of penury no less the prey :
But the sad sight the sire no longer brooks,
“Shew me no more,” he cried ; “enough,—away !

“ Not if my care can save you from the brink,
Not if my toils can keep the fiend afar ;
Not thus, my sons and daughters, shall ye sink ;
I here with Poverty renew the war.

“ In harrowing labours let my days be spent,
Nor be my time, my board, my home my own,
So may I mend your destinies, content
To bear for you what costs me many a groan.”

The vision left the tutor less averse
To toils, though wearisome, repaid with gain ;
“ Pupils are bad, but poverty is worse,”
He owned, and ceased henceforward to complain.

Sonnet to the World.

O gay, but evil World, I know the charm
Of thy false smile, yet gladly would resign
Thy pleasures and thy pomps, not formed to shine
In thy assemblies, and suspecting harm,
The more thou pleasest. Oft resolved to flee
From thy turmoil, I feel my purpose chid—
The dear ones, who look up to me, forbid
And deem them wronged, if I retire from thee.

Thy honours and emoluments they crave.

“ Why should we quench ambition’s lawful fires,”
(They ask,) “ When youth, by nature taught, aspires ;
Our portion in this life why should we waive ? ”
These are my ties to thee, vain World, that spell
Within thy circle binds me still to dwell.

Love Unaccountable.

LOVE is a thing of fancy, not of reason ;

Fancy is charmed,—we know not how or why ;
And love springs up in his appointed season,
But to account for it we vainly try :
And often it would puzzle those who love,
The worth of their belovèd ones to prove.

When woman sees a something that she likes

In man, who pleases all desert apart,
That unknown something which her fancy strikes,
Makes him at once the favourite of her heart ;
But all in vain for woman’s love would man sigh,
Unless he had the luck to please her fancy.

A sage has said, the wisest ever born *,

“ The substance of his house a man might offer
To purchase love, and only meet with scorn ; ”

And merit wins still less than the full coffer.
Since love is a free gift, and in this case
The gift is not of merit but of grace.

* *Canticles viii. 7.*

For Nature, lest no reason should be found
 For loving such a creature as frail man,
 Based love on fancy, not on reason's ground,
 And in conformity with Nature's plan ;
 Who having a wise purpose thus fulfils it,
 Girls love, and only love because she wills it.

“One must love some one,” says the ingenuous maid,
 “Because it is so natural to love :”
 And this allowed, what more is to be said ?
 The real reason must be sought above ;
 In that Benevolence, whose kind intent
 Made love an universal sentiment.

Romance and Reality.—To a Young Lady.

ROMANTIC maid, 'tis doubtless sweet,
 On idle wing when fancy roves,
 To picture scenes thou ne'er shalt meet,
 Indulging hopes which life disproves.

But such indulgence is not wise,
 It sharpens disappointment's stings,
 The visions to thy mind that rise
 Have not their like in real things.

Expect not, sanguine girl, to find
In life the creatures of thy thought ;
A friend complete in form and mind,
A home with every blessing fraught.

Fresh in thy prime, thou canst not know
How void of interest, vapid, dull,
Soon as possest, those objects grow,
Of which the youthful heart is full.

Oft has the painted landscape shewn
A greener earth, a brighter sky,
Than Nature seems herself to own,
If viewed with reason's sober eye.

Our prospects thus in early years
Imagination paints so high,
Till cold Reality appears,
And bids the vivid colouring fly.

Supreme delight some vainly think
In gaiety and pomp to find ;
But these bestowed, they listless sink,
And languor preys upon the mind.

To some it seems a blessed lot
Far from the giddy world to fly,
And for the still sequestered cot,
“The home of happiness,” they sigh.

But there they feel it is not bliss
To live unnoticed and unknown,
Nor for the social joys they miss
Can dull retirement's calm atone.

But wedlock, all young hearts agree,
Felicity is centred there ;
How dear must the fond husband be,
And children all as cherubs fair !

But thus if spinsters are beguiled,
The wife a juster notion forms :
Her cherub's but a peevish child,
And her cross husband sulks or storms.

All-powerful once, her kindest look
Melts his insensate soul no more ;
She trills the favourite tunes that "took
His prisoned soul," and hears him snore.

No object gained our hope fulfils,
'Tis only when remote, 'tis fair ;
As verdant look the distant hills,
Which nearer viewed are brown and bare.

Here all enjoyments far below
Our raised anticipations fall,
And raptures in Romance that glow,
Soon as indulged are felt to pall.

Then let not Fancy wildly rove,
But clip her too luxuriant wing :
Howe'er she flatter, life will prove
A vain unsatisfying thing.

The Rule of Love.

THERE is a rule, the fair should learn it,
Men must give love, but maids return it ;
Her course is safe and unreproved,
Who loves, because she was beloved.
Attachment, in a female breast,
Which springs from gratitude, is best.

Is peace thine aim, and self-respect ?
Our rule 'tis dangerous to neglect,
Oft will the nymph who slights it mourn,
By unrequited passion torn :
Who keeps it, will escape love's pain,
Or being loved, not love in vain.

Of those resplendent orbs, whose sway
Alternate rules our night and day,
While this originates the light,
That by reflection waxes bright ;
The moon's chaste disk ne'er cast a gleam
Till on it shone the solar beam.

But there they fee
To live unnotic
Nor for the social
Can dull retiren

But wedlock, all ye
Fidelity is centre
How dear must the
And Children all

But thus of spinsters
The wife a master
Her enemies but a
And her cross bus

Alas when once a
Wife is married
She finds no favour
In her husband now
No longer is she
In her husband's eye
Or in his heart he
Loves her not now
Thus when once a
Wife is married
She finds no favour
In her husband now
No longer is she
In her husband's eye
Or in his heart he
Loves her not now

*of Love ; or, a Leaf from
a Book addressed to Young Ladies.*

as priests of sinning,
reck the first beginning ;”
next be sure
age to seek a cure,
bark your case incurable,
ack is seldom durable :
ee-weeks’ fever, thrice
I cured it twice.

distemper’s bred by fancies,
by romances,
and widely spread at dances.
scape it ? shun those arts
to melting, soften hearts ;
listen, if you’re wise,
tirring melodies,
luring tune and song,
the sentimental throng ;
nor operas frequent,
is made omnipotent.

upation, sloth and ease
to foster the disease ;
it oft, for love’s a devil
ts minds disengaged to evil ;

Too many 'list in Cupid's crew
For want of something else to do.

From solitude and lone walks flee,
Nor dare indulge in reverie ;
Nor oft with love-sick friend converse,
Comparing notes will make both worse :
Seek change of scene, and all variety
Of cheerful, sensible society.
Use constant exercise : your mind
From motion much relief will find ;
And here the rule is (pry-thee heed it)
The less you like, the more you need it.
Fresh air your languid limbs will brace,
New images the old efface ;
Engage in household cares, and thence
Learn prudence, woman's best defence.
Oft mark what troubles vex the state
When marriage is most fortunate :
And judge, when folks are poorly mated,
How much those ills are aggravated.
What if (the case occurs not seldom)
Forgetting what fond ties once held 'em,
He turns bashaw, she grows a shrew,
And both their ill-starred union rue ?
For lovers, " when they woo (remember)
Are April, when they're wed, December ^b."

^b Shakespeare, "As You like It."

Lastly, believe, whoe'er you sigh for,
Man's but a sorry thing to die for.

Now, ere you find it out, I say so,
These rules I stole from Dr. Naso^c,
Who took at Rome, about year three,
In the "Art of Love" a good degree,
And practised with success—the fact is,
The ladies patronised his practice,
And whilst he making love professed,
Took his prescriptions with a zest.
But when, as if resolved t' atone
For all the mischiefs he had done,
He advertised his "Cure for Love,"
(You have his recipes above),
Patients fell off, his practice dwindled,
Nor could he quench the flame he'd kindled.

Ladies, this Ovid was a heathen,
And folks were not so wise as we ; then
"The schoolmaster was not abroad,"
No law divine the people awed.
Pleasure was all in all to them,
A notion you of course condemn ;
But since, in spite of your example,
Room for improvement there is ample,

^c Naso, the surname of Ovid.

Since it is still too much the fashion,
To yield supremacy to passion ;
Not obsolete his rules are grown,
I wish them generally known.
His "Art of Love" is learnt in schools ;
Then why not his remedial rules ?
But if by purer system taught,
I to his precepts added aught,
I'd whisper in the ear of beauty,
That love can be controll'd by duty ;
For passion may be brought t' obey,
If higher principles bear sway.

The Complaint of Suspirius, the day
after a Family Meeting.

WHERE is that day which, ere it came,
Our hearts impatiently forestalled ;
For which (such welcome it might claim)
Our board was decked, our friends were called ?

'Tis gone ! like other days 'tis past !
And we, recalling hours so pleasant,
More wretched feel, as we contrast
With them the dulness of the present.

And where those friends? far, far away,
They scarce have left to soothe our pain,
The doubtful hope, some distant day,
As we have met, to meet again.

Why in such scant proportion still
Is dealt to man the dole of pleasure?
We taste, but may not take our fill,
Sweet is the draught, but short the measure.

Protracted care, continual toil,
Small ease is granted to relieve:
The daily labourer of the soil
Gains but one hour of sport at eve.

Half the long year the luckless boy
From home and all he loves is banished;
Then gains some weeks of transient joy,
Too hardly earned, too quickly vanished.

And they whose lives in one dull round
Of business and its troubles run,
The grateful term have seldom found
In which to say "our work is done."

Short is the date by Heaven's decree
To the best joys of man assigned;
Soon as arrived, they haste to flee,
And leave regret and sighs behind.

Upon the Destruction of an old House, in which the Writer had lived happily.

OLD favourite mansion, I thy fall lament,
Though thy quaint chambers incommodious seemed,
And bleak thy site ; discomforts well redeemed
By joyous hours within thy walls once spent.

Thou to my recollection art endeared
By sweet association : on that green,
Of many a youthful frolic oft the scene,
Domestic happiness her home had reared.

Here dwelt my kindred, nature's friends, that last
When the world's friendships cease to charm the
heart :

Here love assailed me with his earliest dart,
Here the first months of nuptial bliss were past.

Here I was first saluted with the name
Of Father, heard with a delighted ear ;
Of such things musing, as I linger here,
And pensive mourn thy ruins, let none blame

The melancholy feeling not undue ;
These sensibilities in time may be
Deadened, as others are, and then to thee,
Once happy home, I shall not turn my view ;
But now when memory to past joys is just,
“ It pitied me to see thee in the dust.”

To a Deaf Lady.

LADY, good hearts will sympathize
With that, at best, severe privation,
Which oft, too oft, to thee denies
The hearer's part in conversation.

Yet little thou perhaps hast lost
Which reason should regret, or sense ;
So much is common speech engrossed
By scandal or impertinence.

Thine ear may miss what folly mutters,
Or the low whispering of malice,
But nought that wit or wisdom utters,
For friendly tongues report their sallies.

Whate'er affection prompts to say,
It can devise that thou shalt hear ;
And friendship ever finds a way
To penetrate th' obstructed ear.

As for our ordinary chat,
The small talk of the formal meeting,
We let it pass, it is too flat,
Too flippant to be worth repeating.

Discourse, thus sifted, not in gross
To hear, is one advantage gained,
Besides, to recompense some loss,
Thy part therein so well maintained.

And when we mark the cheerful air,
The spirits that support thee still,
Unmurmuring, and gay to bear
What many deem a grievous ill ;

There seems a moral compensation,
From higher source derived to thee,
The grace to meet with resignation
Th' appointed lot whate'er it be.

Thine is the Christian's happier mood,
To recognise, when suffering loss,
The will divine, and feel it good
So meekly to sustain the cross.

The Progress of a Family.—Written on the Birth of the Eighth Child.

WHEN the first child is born, what strange delight
We parents feel ! 'tis then unmixed joy !
Anon a second comes, as welcome quite,
A boy or girl to match our girl or boy :
Well pleased again we look on number three,
The fourth, we think, completes our family.

“ Dear little creatures all,” we say, “ God bless ‘em !”

But then we cease to wish for any more ;

Blessings they are, and blessed who possess ‘em :

But numbers press upon a moderate store⁴ :

So when a fifth arrives, the pair look grave,

Begin to calculate, and want to save.

No smile salutes the sixth ; the frowning sire

To look upon its whimpering face is loth ;

A seventh announced, in moodiness or ire,

He growls and grumbles, or blurts out an oath ;

I did not swear, because I never do,

I might have said, “ Poor wretch, who wanted you ?”

But when an eighth appears, the father, wild

With apprehension, bordering on despair,

An ill-starred brat now sees in each poor child,

Of nought but his infirmities the heir ;

Love dwindleth down to pity, pity limps,

And fancy mourns her cherubs changed for imps.

Once I condemned the cold Malthusian system,

The world was wide enough for all, I deemed ;

So when my babes came thick, I gaily kissed ‘em,

Till in each other’s light to stand they seemed ;

But now I could almost agree with Malthus,

For to their porridge they can scarce have salt thus.

⁴ Numbers pressing on the means of subsistence is the burden of “ Malthus on Population.” See his work.

There may be means in store—for Heaven knows
how—

Dark prospects bright adventures have relieved :
One sells a cat, another slays a cow,
So fortune Whittington, Guy fame achieved [•] ;
Some live by slaughter, some on physic fatten,
Some take to grazing [†], some to Greek and Latin.

That touches me and mine. “ Fair patrimony
(As Adam said) that I must leave ye, sons [•] ;”

And that first parent fell by matrimony,
Which he who fears to fall still wisely shuns,
Lest babes, as if they felt their coming rude,
Cry, as they come, “ I hope we don’t intrude.”

One sentiment, which just checks desperation,
I treasure up, a homely one, but sweet,
In times like these a needful consolation,
That “ He who sends the mouths will send the
meat,”

Then live, my little ones, whate’er betide,
For all He makes, their Maker will provide.

And pardon me, ye graver souls, who deem
Our subject all too serious for a gibe ;

[•] Guy, Earl of Warwick, famous for killing the dun cow.

[†] Alii legunt Gray’s Inn.

^g Milton’s “ Paradise Lost,” x. 818-9.

If I have erred, while but in sport I seem
Mere human feelings grossly to describe.
We feel like men at first, a second thought
Brings us to "cast our care" where Christians ought.

Though light my phrase, in this conformed to fashion,
In happier mood I rest on His sure word,
Whose providence and fatherly compassion
Clothes the frail grass, and feeds the craving bird :
For He hath said who never can deceive,
"To Me your widows and your orphans leave ^h."

Upon Revisiting Felsted School, where the Writer had been Educated.

SCHOOL of our sires, my boyhood's nurse,
To thee my steps are drawn,
Not as in early days averse,
That childish hate is gone :
'Tis changed to love. Whate'er in youth
From sloth or ignorance of truth,
Harsh and severe too often seemed,
By manhood better taught, my mind
Soon owned the discipline was kind,
Though then a grievance deemed.

^h The two last stanzas were added in consequence of a remark that the subject was "too serious for a joke."

Thy culture, that with rule so stern
Imposed laborious hours,
First proved us capable to learn,
Then exercised our powers ;
By thee to studious habits trained,
The mind-expanding lore we gained,
Which ancient worth and wisdom taught,
With those sweet lessons whence the muse
A sacred relish can infuse,
For grave and solemn thought.

Hence moral grace the well-disposed
Imbibe, which treasured rests,
Like buds within their bark inclosed,
In boys' rough honest breasts.
Right more than interest to respect,
Nor this well-understood neglect,
Not to be sought by sordid arts ;
But as the meed of merit, earned,
Such principles of thee we learned
To form our minds and hearts.

So passed we many a well-spent year
In happiness unknown,
Till it was lost, attested here
By sense of pleasure flown.
For fancy waked by thee recalls
The mirth and sport that shook thy walls,

And our brief sorrows turned to joys.
But why is silence brooding round¹
These seats, accustomed to resound
With gladsome shout of boys?

By playful urchins thronged no more,
A gloom pervades thy streets,
The old man basking at his door,
No merry group now greets.
The churchyard path he crosses sad,
Where not a laughter-loving lad
With cheers the dismal stillness breaks ;
The Muse herself, as touched with shame,
Her praise unsought, unfelt her flame,
The haunts she loved forsakes.

The youthful bard no longer strolls
Our favourite stream beside,
And Chelmer murmurs, as he rolls
Slow, with diminished pride.
The reed's rank crop has overspread
His brink, whence rival swimmers sped,
And their bold contest panting urged :
Seeking the well-known alders still,
Which seemed, as witnessing their skill,
To nod as they emerged.

¹ When this was written the school had declined, and there were no scholars. It has since revived, and is now flourishing. "Floreat in aeternum."

Changed as thou art, where'er we rove,
Familiar much we miss
Of that which we were wont to love,
Which formed our boyish bliss.
Yet much delighted we recall,
Though bitterness is mixed with all !
Ah, still enough these scenes retain,
To make us musing smile and sigh,
And taste at once of memory
The pleasure and the pain !

On a hasty Visit to the Village of Rayne.

SWEET village, if I could return to thee
With yet a portion of my youthful glee,
Couldst thou renew those feelings of delight
Which twenty years ago thou didst excite,
I would not thy fair precincts pass in haste,
Nor stint a joy congenial to my taste.
But though thou wakenest many a pleasing
thought,
That which predominates with pain is fraught,
A sentiment more sad than transient spleen,
Contrasting "what is now" with "what has been."
Ah, melancholy contrast, to compare
With careworn manhood youth devoid of care !

What merry groups we here were wont to meet,
How the light hours danced off with downy feet :
How Blencowe did but waive her friendly hand,
And mirth and sport uprose at her command ;
What songs I heard enraptured, and what lays
My youthful muse poured forth, assured of
praise ;
Fond recollections these, but mixed with pain,
To feel it never can be thus again !
Not that thy charms, fair hamlet, pass away,
Which spring from nature, and with her are gay ;
But that to health and spirits indisposed,
The avenues to livelier joys are closed,
And, under altered circumstances viewed,
Scenes, that once pleased, induce a mournful
mood.

And yet, the consolation is sublime,
Amid the sad mutations made by time,
Though schemes of worldly bliss may be deranged,
Souls of superior stamp abide unchanged.
Age does not alter, happily, we find,
The higher qualities of heart and mind,
These grace, and will continue to the end,
As now, to grace our venerable friend.

"Twere vain to bid the favourite village raise
Anew the pleasures of departed days ;

The gaieties it once could boast are past,
Given for a season, nor allowed to last.
Yet Rayne an interest in our hearts may claim,
While Blencowe's high-toned soul remains the same.

Evils Worse by Anticipation.

MAN, born to trouble, at the prospect starts,
But bears it with a strength which Heaven imparts ;
The sorest ill is to expect distress,
The fear torments, the suffering tortures less.
So the poor camel, though he bears his load
With patience, toiling o'er his sandy road ^k,
Will moan before his march, as if in pain,
And dreading what awaits him to sustain.
Thus hiding future evils from our eyes,
Heaven had removed the worst of miseries,
But apprehensive of impending pain,
Imagination brings them near again.
Yet it might purge dark fancies to reflect,
How seldom comes th' affliction we expect,
That none will come which mercy cannot cure,
Or strengthen feeble nature to endure.

^k "The camels made the desert resound with the plaintive cries which they send forth when the burdens are about to be replaced on their backs."—*Labord's Journey through Arabia Petrea*.

Stanzas to Eliza (Miss Bond).

ELIZA, thy songs to requite,
I would give thee a song of my own ;
But the muse that impels me to write,
Denies me her cheerfulness tone.
Of late thou hast seen me less dull,
But then thou wast warbling to me :
And a heart, of thy melodies full,
Is accessible only to glee.

My thoughts are too sombre for youth,
Whose privilege 'tis to be gay,
And who seldom give welcome to truth,
If it comes not in lively array.
Yet blame me not, blythe as thou art,
That in verse which for thee I prepare,
I assume the more serious part,
Which nature designed me to bear.

For friendship, whatever my mood,
Still glows with the same steady ray :
When grave I would study thy good,
And forward thy pleasures when gay
The latter no effort would ask,
Light work for a frivolous hour ;
The former a delicate task,
Requiring reflection's best power.

'Tis thy talent to play and to sing,
But I never could do thee such wrong,
As to deem thee some holiday thing,
Made only for music and song.
Heaven taught thee thy duty to know,
When it gave thee a sensible mind,
And shewed thee, by blessing thee so,
For some higher purpose designed.

O mayst thou that purpose fulfil,
By choosing the dutiful part,
Add knowledge to musical skill,
To knowledge add pureness of heart.
Thy health and thy happiness seek
In exertions of body and mind ;
So the bloom shall expand on thy cheek,
And thy spirits refreshment shall find.

So the tears that now causelessly flow
Shall take a more regular course,
Reserved as a tribute to woe,
And pity, not grief, be their source.
So the day well and wisely employed,
Shall give zest to the sports of the night,
And mirth in due limit enjoyed,
Yield without dissipation delight.

To the Same on her Birthday, with
a Present of "Female Scripture Cha-
racters."

WERE it my charge to form thy tender youth,
And guide thy soul to goodness and to truth ;
My lips had poured into thy gentle ear
Such holy precepts as are taught thee here.
And since thy sweet docility of mind
Can bear a monitor and deem him kind ;
Accept as mine, as coming from my heart,
The lore that bids thee choose the better part.
Light love had sought for this thy natal day,
A gayer volume with a livelier lay,
But not to days nor years restricted be
The interest that we take, fair girl, in thee ;
Think, then, the book by lasting friendship given,
Which points thy way to happiness and heaven.

To Eliza, Indisposed.

ELIZA, raise thy drooping head,
Whence that dejected look about thee ?
Know that our glee with thine is fled,
There is no cheerfulness without thee.

That instrument, whose dulcet sound
'Tis joy to hear and grief to miss it ;
If mute its finest chord were found,
What music couldst thou hence elicit ?

So we, who throng the festive hearth
Expectant of thy lively lay,
Now thou art dumb, forget our mirth,
And pleasure waits till thou canst play.

Yet tell us not from sickness springs
That heaviness which all deplore,
Th' effect enough of sadness brings,
The painful cause would grieve us more.

May rosy health return to thee,
With her best gift a cheerful heart ;
And to thyself reflected be
The lively joys thou canst impart.

Excuse for not Writing an Ode on Eliza's Birthday.

QUOTH Stanfield : " Is your muse asleep,
Or more than usual busy ?
This is a day you used to keep :
Come, where's your 'Ode to Lizzy ? ' "

I answer: “ ‘Tis a theme too gay
For one whose day is over;
Young ladies now disdain a lay
That comes not from a lover.

“ I’ve done with verse, or nearly so,
My last was penned in sorrow:
And ere again jocose I grow,
From old thoughts I must borrow.

“ Old thoughts revived make sad ones cease,
To back which grave reflection,
The childhood of your bonny niece
Has crossed my recollection.

“ Though now the girl is husband-high,
And laughs at our low stature,
Ten years ago (she’s in my eye)
A marmoset might match her.

“ She crept about in silent glee,
Too timid yet to gambol:
A petted lamb she seemed to be,
That longed, yet feared to ramble.

“ But now full grown she scorns the pen,
And butts with saucy forehead,
And shakes her auburn locks at men,
And votes confinement horrid.

“ What’s then to her my dull cold line ?
 Her taste is for ‘ the tender ; ’
 I’ll greet her like a grave divine,
 ‘ God bless her, and God mend her.’

“ ‘ What means (she’ll say) this blunt address,
 Methinks here’s little love meant :
 It may be well for priests to bless,
 But pray who needs improvement ? ’

“ But may she still, as years come round,
 Grow wiser and grow better,
 And keep her head and heart as sound
 As coquetry will let her ! ”

To a Beautiful and Amiable Girl.

FAIREST of nymphs, yet not in face
 More lovely than in mind,
 By natural and moral grace
 Alike to charm designed.

In friendly contest at thy birth,
 Virtue with beauty strove ;
 This bade thee win the sons of earth,
 That aim at heavenly love.

As the first man delighted stood
His beauteous Eve to view,
But when he found her wise and good
Sublimer raptures knew :

So we, could we forget thy form,
And cease awhile to gaze,
With heartier admiration warm,
Thy better part might praise.

Thine is a soul with goodness fraught,
Which through thy features beams,
Where, to some kind and gracious thought,
Each look an index seems.

'Tis this that agitates thy frame,
Like flowret on its stem ;
This lights in those soft eyes a flame,
And makes thy tear a gem.

May beauty's meed be thine, to know
The bliss of blameless love :
And still in virtue mayst thou grow,
The care of Heaven above.

And now farewell, though yet our hearts
Would gladlier bid thee stay :
And joy, that hence with thee departs,
Attend thee on thy way.

Apology for the Susceptible, Addressed to my Wife.

THE taste for beauty and for harmony
Is but a finer sense, which he that owns,
Is gratified, as oft as ear or eye
Its proper object meets, sweet looks or tones.

Hence little short of rapture is the pleasure,
In souls susceptible of deep delight,
Which by a winning smile, a charming measure,
The tuneful and the beautiful excite.

At sense of woe we cannot choose but sigh,
And touch the springs of pleasure, we rejoice ;
Joy will be felt when Helen meets our eye,
Or falls upon our ear Harmonia's voice.

In this we are but passive ; Nature formed
Their charms to move, our senses to be moved ;
They shine, their rays reach us, and we are warmed,
It is her law—the lovely must be loved !

Not all by all with that intense affection
Due but to one, too pure on more to waste ;
But each in her degree claims predilection,
As each in her degree delights our taste.

But though the senses rove, affection stays,
And justice to the dearer wife is done ;
Thus thou art one with me, and though I praise,
Admiring many, my soul cleaves to one.

The Voice of the Charmer ; or, Female Influence acknowledged by an Invalid.

MAIDEN, thou art young and gay,
I am grave and waxing gray,
Differing in mind and age,
Different objects each engage :
Thee, the merry round of youth,
Me the calm pursuit of truth ;
Thus unlike, 'twixt thee and me,
Little sympathy can be.

Yet I like not so to think,
In my own esteem I sink,
When I feel myself debarred
From fair woman's kind regard,
Other interests time abates,
Not that interest she creates,
This I had before found true,
Thou hast taught it me anew.

I forget my cares and years,
When thy charming sex appears,
Exercising o'er my mind
Influence of happiest kind,
Such as wholesome stars are said
From a bright aspect to shed ;
Blush not, nymph, to find asserted,
Thy kind influence thus exerted.

See the slighted priest who pined,
To his thankless charge confined,
Victim of disease and sadness,
Roused by thee to recent gladness :
As he listens to thine airs,
Or thy lively converse shares,
All his felt or fancied grief,
Instantaneous finds relief.

E'en his frame, whose frequent ailing
Warning gave of nature failing,
Sympathizing with his mind,
Intervals of ease can find.
Joy's unwonted animation
Quickenèd languid circulation,
Pains, no longer heeded, cease,
And the charmèd heart's at peace.

Then, for hours of sweet enjoyment,
Soothing a severe employment,
For dark fancies chased away,
Or from gloomy changed to gay ;
For a torpid soul excited
To fresh feelings that delighted,
For thoughts revived of youthful glee,
Thanks to thy sweet songs, and thee.

The Heart knoweth its own Bitterness.

KEEP to thyself the pleasure, or distress,
That most delights thee, or that most annoys ;
The heart alone knows its own bitterness,
Nor lets a stranger meddle with its joys.

There are sweet feelings which we vainly try
To tell, which others could not understand ;
And there are wounds which shrink from human
eye,
And would not bear the touch of human hand.

That joy, that sorrow, which the nearest friend
Could not respond to, Nature bids us hide ;
And feels, that where no sympathy attends
Our confidence, 'tis folly to confide.

Song—Love is a Leveller.

O LOVE is a leveller, laughing to scorn
 The distinctions of high and of low ;
 No respecter is he of the rich or well-born,
 Men's degrees he affects not to know.

With a sweet subtle poison his darts he anoints,
 And as these from bright eyes are discharged,
 The heart that receives their invisible points,
 At once is subdued and enlarged.

Then to fortune and birth an indifference grows,
 For itself the one object is dear ;
 On which such a colouring fancy bestows
 That all its defects disappear.

'Tis love makes the mighty descend to the mean,
 The humble aspire to the great ;
 And our Shakspeare has shewn how a rustic May-
 queen¹,
 Could lure a proud prince from his state.

And yet more perversely his power to display,
 He confounds the distinctions of age,
 And the girl, at his bidding, fair, blooming, and
 gay,
 Weds an elder so solemn and sage.

¹ In the "Winter's Tale."

On this sweet confusion of order and rank,
He smiles as he looks from above,
And calls upon man for his best bliss to thank
The freaks of the leveller, Love.

Song—The Middle-aged Man.

SHOULD we trouble our heads, when their first tinge
of gray
Gently hints, that full half is expired of our span ;
We have had, and enjoyed while it lasted, our day,
Nor is all the mirth spent of the middle-aged man.

Lively feats, the bold leap, the brisk dance, are not
ours ;
Our pleasures are formed on a quieter plan,
In the mind's calm enjoyments, the frame's waning
powers,
Are more than made up to the middle-aged man.

Though we haunt less and less grand assemblies and
feasts,
In snug social meetings we mix, where we can ;
Not Comus's cup, that transforms men to beasts,
But the temperate glass cheers the middle-aged
man.

Fair usurpers of hearts, we are not, let me say,
Estranged from your empire, or under its ban ;
You prefer younger subjects, and rightfully may,
Yet the fairest oft smiles on the middle-aged man.

We are not without passions, but reason our guide,
The harsh we keep under, the gentle we fan ;
Kind affections are cherished, resentments subside,
And the charities grow in the middle-aged man.

Experience has chased vain desires from our breast,
In place of ambition content leads the van ;
With domestic enjoyment, and competence blest,
Life can add little more to the middle-aged man.

For wisdom and goodness in mortals to seek,
We forbear, who have learnt our own frailties to scan ;
But since young men are headstrong, and old men
are weak,
These are found, if at all, in the middle-aged man.

Song — The Middle-aged Woman, —
being a Pendant to the Middle-
aged Man.

THOUGH nobody talks of the middle-aged woman,
She is always pronounced young, or old ;
The genus, I ween, is sufficiently common,
Since time's course will not be controlled.

And I know not why females are fancied so soon
To life's shady side to have past ;
As if the broad sun, just declining from noon,
Were deemed to be setting quite fast.

The middle-aged woman ! her eye is less bright,
And her charms may not strike as before ;
But if she less warmly our passions excite,
Our judgment she satisfies more.

Of former good looks the fair traces are seen,
Which all but old rivals allow ;
Men whisper, " how handsome she once must have
been,
Who is really not bad-looking now."

She has ceased from flirtation, we will not ask why,
And now, to produce an impression,
On sense and good humour would rather rely,
And vanity yields to discretion.

To change her condition she yet might consent
Such affection she cherishes to man ;
If the middle-aged gentleman's heart would relent,
And turn to the middle-aged woman.

Passions to be Regulated, not Extinguished.

SAGES have said, if sage they were,
Who man of feelings would divest,
The passions that within us stir,
Are evil, and must be suppressed.

The wiser say, from strong desires,
Good in themselves, may issue harm ;
As earthquakes from the central fires ^m,
Which this terrestrial system warm.

For passions animate the heart,
Without them dull, inert, and cold :
Restrained, a genial warmth impart,
But rage and burn if uncontrolled.

These, reason ought to regulate,
Not their emotions to suppress,
Essential in our present state,
As elements of happiness.

Aware that Nature brought the fire
Of pure affection from above,
Wisdom, in checking wild desire,
Is careful not t' extinguish love.

^m "The theory of internal or central heat no longer rests on conjecture, but on well-established facts."—*Sermons on Stones*, p. 39.

More Amiable than Fair.

MAIDEN, more amiable than fair,
Though fair indeed thou art to me,
Yet I thy frown would rather bear,
Than win thy smile by flattery.

Not that I would incur thy frown,
I deprecate it, as distress ;
Not but I crave thy smile to crown,
My one idea of happiness.

But though I gaze upon thy face,
And love can there attraction find,
It is a higher joy to trace
The features of a virtuous mind.

For while external charms, their hour
Of short-lived lustre past, decay,
Each mental grace retains its power,
Of growing till the perfect day.

That thou mayst cultivate, dear maid,
And make that better grace thy care,
Oft think that He who formed thee said,
“ Be thou more amiable than fair.”

Good are His gifts bestowed on thee,
Adorn them, as thy sex best can,
With meekness, child of piety,
Which wins the love of God and man.

Let beauty boast her triumphs vain,
Too brilliant ever to endure :
Thine be the home-bred virtues plain,
Which can the heart for aye secure.

So if that hope be realized,
Which, ere it be fulfilled, can bless ;
And that one object dearly prized,
Heaven yet permit me to possess.

Though years might change the looks I loved,
Thy frame be worn with wasting care,
Thou still wouldest charm, by time improved,
More amiable, if not so fair.

Blindness to the Future kindly given.

WHEN in my youth I had resolved to wed,
I did not think too much of consequences,
Nor take into my calculating head,
That "marriage is not cheap," but brings expenses.
The prudent friends, by whom I was well warned,
I did not heed : perhaps I rather scorned.

Then evils they foretold, and evils came ;
But not what they predicted, partial seers ;
Foretelling ills is ever a safe game,
So sure are they to come with coming years ;
Like "thunder-showers" announced, as "now
about,"
In such predictions Moore was seldom out^a.

There was a croaker, who much ill divined,
One who, for want of troubles of her own,
With those of others worried her weak mind,
Till care and spleen had worn her to the bone ;
Care, spite of fortune, all her comfort choked,
Her spleen the follies of her friends provoked.

Mine above all ; that I was poor she knew,
And poverty to her seemed quite a sin ;
When others into the same scrape it drew,
No worth could compensate for want of tin ;
If worth there were, of which she was not sure,
She never saw much of it in the poor.

Now this was a Cassandra : heard with scorn,
She prophesied much truth, I must confess,
That many children would to me be born,
To whom I could give little and leave less ;
Foresight enough she had not to foretell,
That this large family would yet do well.

^a See Moore's Almanack in the summer months.

Now had I listened to my friends' advising,
And scared by their forebodings shrunk with
dread,
From all the miseries they were surmising,
Which would descend on my devoted head,
I might perhaps have thus escaped distress,
But then I should have lost much happiness.

This is the moral of my motley strain,
Which truth from jocularity may borrow :
Since all anticipations are but vain,
Whether of good or evil, leave to-morrow
In its Disposer's hands, and, as He taught,
Think of the future without anxious thought

Love not to be Trifled with.

O TALK not of love as a fanciful fire,
That may rashly be kindled, and soon will expire ;
In bosoms which strong sensibilities move,
What passion so fervent, so lasting as love ?

'Tis light in light minds, but in deep-feeling hearts,
Once raised, it is constant, and never departs ;
It glows not the less, that it meets no return,
But through slight and desertion continues to burn.

"Tis for good or for evil, in woman's fond breast,
The source of her bliss, or the bane of her rest :
Man has to divert it his business and care,
Woman centres the whole of her happiness there.

Her affection if mutual affection requite,
Her satisfied heart it expands with delight ;
Disappointed in that, no enjoyment she knows,
And life is embittered by love's early woes.

Then let not man waken such feelings in vain,
On which is suspended *her* pleasure or pain :
And let *her* keep her heart free from passion's wild
strife,
For "out of the heart are the issues of life."

Sonnet on Ennui.

O LISTLESSNESS is worse than anxious care,
The state which nothing agitates is dull ;
Better a life of toil and trouble full,
Than mere quiescence wearisome to bear.
Meant for activity, however loth
Its labour to commence, the strenuous mind
Plying the work for which it was designed,
Enjoys a cheerfulness denied to sloth.

So those who exercise their frames are gay,
And glow with health: but such as lack employ
Lose the fresh spirits that engender joy;
And souls, inert for want of object, prey
Upon themselves, that indolence may find
Its punishment, a self-tormenting mind.

Light Verses to Sophia (Miss Hollams).

MAN was made to delight in whatever is fair,
That taste from above he receives;
And never his bosom, while life lingers there,
The fine sensibility leaves.

I deemed they were dead, as perhaps they should be,
Those feelings so tender and warm,
Which woman of old could enkindle in me,
When seen in her loveliest form.

At fifty, said I, we may laugh at the darts
Which beauty profusely expends:
At least we defy them to touch the tough hearts,
Which the breastplate of Hymen defends.

But thy glance, fair Sophia, that error disproves,
Which awakens, as oft as I gaze,
Something like what I felt when the mischievous
loves
Broke the peace of my juvenile days.

Discretion and duty may keep the heart sound,
Admiration we cannot withhold ;
And, since to impossibles no man is bound,
That I freely bestow as of old.

Let others the lustre describe of thine eyes,
The bloom of thy roseate cheek,
Of their heart-winning power, which I cannot
disguise,
It becomes me more coolly to speak.

They are not thy chief charm, thou hast that which,
in truth,
Attracts us at years more mature ;
Thou hast with the sweetness of innocent youth,
The virtues to age that endure.

Admiration is due to a beautiful face,
But it claims a superior regard ;
As an outward expression of goodness and grace,
Looking up to a higher reward.

Then it kindles an ardour the soul can improve,
Confirmed in its just predilection ;
For it is not the turbulent passion of love,
But a pure and a moral affection.

Grave Verses to Sophia, corrective of the above.

If I have praised thy face, fair maid,
And owned its charming power,
I deem such tribute to thee paid,
The trifling of an hour.

To second thoughts it seems not well,
In laudatory lays,
Upon her outward charms to dwell
Who claims intrinsic praise.

Too much in flattery's fulsome strain
From others thou wilt hear ;
May graver verse correct the bane,
And disenchant thine ear.

How oft has beauty been the cause
Of misery to the fair ;
The fond attention which it draws,
Is innocence's snare.

This tempts the giddy nymph to roam,
Admiring eyes to seek,
Disdainful of her quiet home,
Where grow the graces meek.

And she who leaves, nor counts the cost,
The dear domestic hearth,
Her fairest chance has risked or lost
Of happiness on earth.

Love, when to this he tempts, we blame,
Usurper of the soul ;
Much of its empire he may claim,
But surely not the whole.

To earlier ties regard is due,
Whose rupture virtue fears ;
Those first best friends, with whom we grew
From childhood up to years.

There should be magic in the names
Of parent, sister, brother ;
But those who nurse forbidden flames,
Those natural yearnings smother.

Love, like religion, friend of life,
If introduced amiss,
Through households sends the sword of strife,
Where Heaven intended bliss.

But she is amiable as fair,
Whose bosom, formed for love,
The tender guest admits not there
If duty disapprove.

Thy heart with warm affections filled,
A blameless priest, thy sire,
Has holy principles instilled
To regulate its fire.

Yet the world tends to weaken these,
And, mixing in the throng,
Th' unguarded girl too little sees
Her near approach to wrong.

New to the world, and with it charmed,
That ordeal thou must meet ;
Heaven guide thy steps to walk unharmed,
And timely seek retreat.

I heard thee of thy father's house
Commend the quiet joy,
Made cheerful, not by gay carouse,
But regular employ.

Where kindly strict the pious pair
Their docile offspring train ;
Where duty sways, and prudent care,
And peaceful order reign.

Is it thine aim, with course unchecked,
In goodness to advance ?
Ah cherish still the retrospect
Of that well-ordered manse.

Trained in the school of virtue, leave,
(For vanity is sin,)
Leave beauty's triumphs, and achieve
Thy conquests from within.

Let those who centre here their views,
Seek in the world to shine :
Thou the good part hast learnt to choose,
The happy home be thine !

Something than Beauty Bearer.

Not, though thy face is fair,
And sweet thy gracious smile,
Though beauty lurking there,
Might well our hearts beguile.

Attractive though they be,
'Tis not by charms like these,
That nature fitted thee
So powerfully to please.

But intellectual gifts
To thee were rather given,
And moral grace that lifts
The soaring soul to heaven.

By such endowments high
Was marked the maid designed,
Not to allure the eye,
But captivate the mind.

Never have I forgot
That day when first we met ;
Th' occasion, and the spot,
Are both remembered yet.

Thy pensive look benign
Then wakened in my breast,
Unconsciously to thine,
The deepest interest.

Though then I little knew
Thy mind, how well composed :
But each fresh interview
Some lovely trait disclosed.

For when thou wast seen near,
Like nature's objects rare,
So viewed thou didst appear
More exquisitely fair.

Then fully were displayed
The graces of thy mind,
By pure religion swayed,
Meek, amiable, and kind.

Not giddy when most gay,
But pleased with quiet mirth,
To mix in children's play,
And cheer the pastor's hearth.

For, mindful of His word,
Who bids become a child,
Whoe'er would be preferred
Among His subjects mild ;

So hast thou learnt to be
Cheerful without offence,
Enjoying the pure glee
Of childlike innocence.

Thus culture has refined
Thy nature, not effaced ;
And, polishing thy mind,
Left undepraved thy taste.

But higher praise is thine,
Which let the priest avow,
Who in the courts divine
Has seen thee meekly bow.

And I have marked thee there,
And, as I marked, admired ;
Prolonging silent prayer
With piety untired.

The herald of the Word,
Which 'tis thine aim to keep,
By thee was ever heard
With reverence due and deep,

And I have paused awhile,
Pleased thy fixed gaze to see,
As if an angel's smile
Were animating me.

Thy meek Madonna face,
That charmed me everywhere,
Seen in that holy place
Looked more divinely fair.

For never maiden's eyes
Shine so serenely bright,
As when to heaven she tries
To raise her saintly sight.

Nor ever did I feel
Thy real loveliness,
As when I saw thee kneel
Religion's votaress.

Love crossed by Fortune.

“ Ah no, it must not be^o,”
Though thou art dear to me,
And sweet affection I had hoped from thee.

That hope must be resigned,
Howe'er it soothe the mind,
Love smiles in vain, when fortune is unkind.

Love promises to bless
Man’s home with happiness ;
But fortune frowns, and threatens deep distress.

For serious ills requite,
Fond passion, in despite
Of prudence, gratified with brief delight.

Sad must that union prove,
Where poverty chills love,
And love goes pining like a famished dove.

Thee to this state to bring
It were an unkind thing,
And keen remorse the hearts of both might wring.

Then since I cannot be
Blest as I would with thee,
Mayst thou be happy without thought of me !

^o This line is from Kirke White.

A Hint from Anacreon.

Λέγουσιν αἱ γυναικες,
 Ἀνακρέον, γέρων εἰ.

SAUCY ladies, to my face,
 Tell me I grow old apace ;
 “Look into your glass,” they say,
 “Every second hair is gray.”
 Now I feel, as I am told,
 I am waxing somewhat old,
 Yet I have not reached that stage,
 Last and worst of odious age,
 Cold indifference, but have still
 Heart to throb, and nerves to thrill :
 Still with admiration warm
 View the creatures made to charm.
 But when beauteous objects rise,
 Too attractive to mine eyes,
 Duty, that restrains from roving
 Souls yet capable of loving,
 Bids me the fair mischief fly,
 Of her dangerous presence shy.
 Sighing, I to beauty say,
 “Fare thee well, though sweet thy sway ;
 What have I to do with thee,
 Save to gaze, admire, and flee !”

To a Lady who said She could not give
up her Comforts for any Man.

FAREWELL, then, for selfish indeed it would be
To woo thee “to give up thy comforts” for me :
Too much, I confess, thou wouldest have to resign,
Denied to my fortune, but granted to thine ;
Many things neither wanted nor wished by the wise,
But which gratify pride, and “the lust of the eyes.”

And these, then, have taken such hold on thy heart,
That with them not love could induce thee to part,
Or rather love’s semblance, for idle must prove,
Whate’er she profess, her pretensions to love,
Who the comforts prefers of luxurious ease,
To the man she would choose, but rejects him for
these.

But we no longer live in an age of romance,
In the virtue of prudence, it seems, we advance :
To surrender affection for interest’s sake
Is a sacrifice maidens now willingly make :
And regard for their personal comfort controls,
The sentiments Nature implants in their souls.

O hadst thou, by fashion less swayed than good sense,
With the gew-gaws of luxury learnt to dispense,

I could point to a home, and without the vain glare
Of rooms gaily garnished, some comforts are there :
Where life with a calm satisfaction proceeds,
And pleasure still follows because duty leads.

'Tis a home for the humble ; but words it would waste
To descant on a happiness not to thy taste ;
May fortune provide thee a wealthier lover,
Whose purse the defects of his nature may cover,
And mayst thou be happy with him, and rejoice,
In the comforts which made him the man of thy
choice !

The Result of Experience.

I AM not young, and yet not old,
Too old for married life ;
For to be happy here, I hold,
Man still requires a wife.

Of all the gifts of Providence,
The best is nuptial bliss ;
I speak from long experience
Of that which now I miss.

When wedded love Heaven deigns to bless,
There is, if e'er there be,
The fairest chance of happiness,
The next to certainty.

Who can its home-delights reveal?
Which more than counterpoise
The cares, that truth may not conceal,
Its troubles mixed with joys.

But hearts united can sustain
The worst that may befall,
And love so lightens wedlock's chain,
It is not felt to gall.

And often sad convictions rise,
That nothing can restore
My former bliss, but other ties
As dear as those before.

But, maiden, wouldst thou smile on me,
Sweet hope I entertain,
That possible it still may be,
Thus to be blest again.

Then, love renewing what has been,
In union with thee,
Such happy days, as I have seen,
I yet may trust to see.

To a Beloved One upon her Departure.

AH, maiden, wilt thou leave the place
Where they who love thee dwell?
And seems it not a want of grace
To break so dear a spell?

O that I had but influence,
The parting hour so near,
To win thee back, though hastening hence,
And to detain thee here!

“Come to my home,” I fain would say,
And wish that home could be,
Not so much grander, or more gay,
As worthier of thee.

A home, which if not happiness,
(That stranger upon earth,)
Yet competence and comfort bless,
And peace, and unforced mirth.

A home, which only wants love's smile
To be as truly blest,
As man, rejoicing here awhile,
Not seeking here his rest,

Can ever hope. A home like this,
If thou wouldest deign to share,
The loss of my domestic bliss
Thy presence could repair.

On Declining a Dance.

Too slow for pleasure's rapid race,
Maidens, if I decline the dance,
With youth unable to keep pace
In gaiety's exuberance,

Deem me not thence to mirth averse,
(Such churlishness be far from me):
Still less—that error would be worse—
Indifferent to your company.

When brought within its magic spell
None feel more sensibly than I,
Th' attraction irresistible
Of woman's sweet society.

But prone to learn as well as teach
The morals drawn from ancient books,
I sometimes hear a heathen preach
Truths, which the Christian overlooks.

And often is my mind perplexed
 By voices sounding in my ear,
 Which whisper an Horatian text
 Which shall be rudely rendered here^p :—

“Thou who art hastening to the tomb,
 Amidst the maidens cease to play ;
 Nor let thy presence spread a gloom,
 Nor cast a cloud o'er *scenes* so gay.”

Thus warned, I from the dance retire,
 As one for gaiety unfit :
 But never ceasing to admire
 The charmers that enliven it ;

I breathe a wish that they may find,
 When sport is o'er, that cheerfulness—
 The settled habit of the mind,
 Surpassing mirth in its excess^q.

On the Accession of a Good Man to a Large Fortune^r :

THE god of riches, heathens taught, was blind,
 To worth indifferent, to the worthless kind ;

^p *Maturo propior desine funeri
 Interludere virgines,*

Et stellis nebulam spargere candidis.”—*Hor.*

^q “I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth.”—*Addison.*

^r Charles Gray Round, Esq., M.P. for North Essex.

And Christians, when they see the virtuous poor,
And mark the worldly man's superfluous store,
Ascribe to partial fortune, not to Heaven,
Those doubtful goods without distinction given.

Yet Plutus (as the old Comedian feigned^{*})
To bless an honest man his sight regained :
And Round might shew, if modest merit would,
That sometimes wealth distinguishes the good.
The tide of affluence for him that swells
No undiscerning Deity impels :
Chance is disowned, when thus desert is crowned,
He who rewards the righteous blesses Round.

A Parson's Farewell to a Parson's Daughter.

SOPHIA, from a cordial friend
A parting verse excuse ;
Nor blame the mingled thoughts that blend
Grave hints with kind adieus.

Christians of old, when forced to part,
A blessing gave and gained :
That custom, soothing to the heart,
'Twere well if we retained !

^{*} Aristoph. Plutus.

But since 'tis obsolete to bless,
Good wishes we may form ;
And these sincerely breathed express
Devotion not less warm.

For thee, fair girl, what prayer more kind
Can priest conceive than this :
That wisely seeking thou mayst find
The path that leads to bliss ?

Not far to seek, could beauty make
Its charming owner blest ;
A power we wish it for thy sake,
But which it ne'er possessed.

Hence still is mixed with tender fears
That interest she creates ;
As children's mirth provokes our tears,
Who read their future fates.

What disappointments oft annoy
The too susceptive breast,
When youth's sweet passions promise joy,
But undermine its rest.

Oft is it seen that one, who shines
The assembly's pride to-day,
Left to herself, to-morrow pines
Pale melancholy's prey.

She is not blest in public sight
Who lives to be admired,
But she who feels a calm delight
Within herself retired.

External charms may win light love,
But satisfactions pure,
A grace, all outward grace above,
Is needful to secure.

That moral grace bear with thee hence !
And may it still increase :
To virtue raising innocence,
To pleasure adding peace !

And learn besides the secret art
Of happiness below :
“ Keep with all diligence thy heart,
For thence Life’s issues flow.”

The Lover’s Warning.

“ *Virginibus puerisque canto.*”—*Horace.*

OVE, whose young hearts are beginning to glow
With a passion whose end unsuspected is woe,
The pain that awaits you, too blind to discern,
In the sad plaint of Edwin its bitterness learn.

As the world imputes error, fond Edwin had erred,
He had loved, and his suit prematurely preferred ;
But when the young pair their poor prospects revolved,
The rash contract by mutual consent was dissolved.

But neither the deep-fixed attachment outgrew,
And Edwin to solitude yearly withdrew ;
When the birthday of her he had tried to forget,
Suggested these strains, and refreshed his regret :—

“ Ah welcome this day ! though it now darkly lowers,
It was wont to come winged with felicitous hours :
The contrast is sad of this gloom with that glee,
Yet sweet recollection endears it to me.

“ Thou wast born on this day—I record it, in sooth—
My playmate in childhood, the flame of my youth !
Whom first of thy sex I distinguished with love,
Which, forbid to indulge it, I yet can approve.

“ Though the priest never witnessed our joining o
hands,
Is it wrong to remember those early knit bands,
In which love had fast bound us, before we had
thought
Of lessons which life has so cruelly taught ?

“We had not then dreamed of chill penury’s power,
Love’s ardour to damp and his sweetness to sour,
And we scorned the grave maxim with worldlings so
rife,
‘Ere you venture on love, get resources for life.’

“We said in our hearts : ‘Let the votaries of pride,
And mammon’s mean sons for the future provide :
Let us take of a passion so blameless our fill,
Nor with pleasure in prospect anticipate ill.’

“They talked of appearances, idle parade,
Which life artificial requires to be made ;
Of pledges whom not to take thought for is sin,
And of cares that with Hymen’s first blessings begin.

“But the cares of affection were all that we knew,
’Twas ignorance sure, but ’twas innocence too :
Romantic as Nature inclines us to be,
Ills really impending we cannot foresee.

“Prudence warns—but the lessons that fall from her
tongue
Are the last that are learned by the sanguine and
young :
We scorn her—but deep the revenge that she takes,
When the ties she approves not, she forcibly breaks.

“O that death-blow to hope ! the discovery made,
That fortune our ill-advised union forbade !
When authority told us, ‘It must not proceed,’
That heart-breaking sentence yet makes the heart
bleed.

“Too slowly time heals the deep wounds of the
mind,
The dart is extracted, the barb left behind :
Externally cheerful, we inwardly groan,
Reconciled to our doom by stern duty alone.

“Thus it fared with ourselves, and perhaps it was
well,
Though the conflict once cost more than either can
tell ;
We have ceased to be wretched, the struggle is past,
Resignation has opened her haven at last.

“At least we escape in our separate state,
The distresses that portionless wedlock await ;
At least to the single life carelessly flows,
With less of high interest, yet more of repose.

“Yet the visions of youth in remembrance still live,
For bright as those dreams life has nothing to give :
And as oft as this day, that revives them, returns,
With its first young affections my bosom still burns.”

Thus Edwin sung pensive, and tears would have
gushed,
But he checked them, as one for his weakness who
blushed ;
Yet enough of his sorrow his strains may attest,
To warn you from love, if by fortune unblest.

“What is Tweed?”—The Question answered by Himself.

[The question had been jocularly asked at a clerical party, after
Tweed had ceased to officiate.]

FACETIOUS friends, the question that you raise
Had not been asked, methinks, in better days ;
But when the lustre of man’s life is flown,
The man himself begins to be unknown ;
So that with him whom Heaven was pleased to try,
“O that I were as in days past,” I cry¹ :
When all to hail me fortunate agreed,
Nor was it made a question, “What is Tweed?”

But what is Tweed? he answers for himself,
One prematurely laid upon the shelf :
No working curate, still a priest in fact,
“In the commission, though he does not act.”
His office, now his solace, once his pride,
He has not with its duties laid aside :

¹ Job xxix. 2.

“Infirmity” for him excuse hath found,
“Neglecting office to which health is bound.”

Our Church three orders owns, distinct from
those,

Which of divine appointment we suppose,
For Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, we revere,
But speak of secular distinctions here,
Of Rectors, Vicars, Curates, all of whom
The common style of clergymen assume :
All the same unction have received, and claim
Alike of Christian ministers the name :
Rector and Curate differing from each other,
But as the lucky from the unlucky brother.
But to the question—of these orders three
To which Tweed now belongs, one does not see ;
Doubtless to neither of the former two,
No tithe of corn or cummin is his due :
And to the third his title is not clear,
Who scarcely ministers twelve times a-year.

While he could work, his toil he did not grudge ;
His Vicar found in him a useful drudge ;
Who, when he was away, some small repute
Acquired, as his efficient substitute.
For the superior’s presence dims the rays
Of satellites that in his absence blaze ;

▪ “Infirmity doth still neglect all office
Whereto our health is bound.”—*King Lear.*

But Tweed, not yet from all ambition free,
More than a satellite aspired to be,
Dreamt of Church dignities, and knew not then,
These were reserved for highly-favoured men :
But, thinking that desert ensured success,
(A thought conceived in childlike simpleness),
Spent those first years, that drones permit to sleep,
To gain “the knowledge that priests’ lips should
keep^{*}.”

With old divinity he stored his head,
And cast into new moulds the mass he read,
Mixed with fresh thoughts ; for thus our own we
make,

Concocting what from other minds we take :
Enough, if that good scribe we keep in view,
Who from his treasure brings forth “old and new.”
Of spiritual feats, as parish priest,
He boasts not much ; some pains he took at least
To bring the worldling under faith’s control,
And make the hardened feel he had a soul.
To shrive the sick, to marry, christen, bury,

He shewed no slackness, nor indecent hurry.
Such was his course, while he retained a cure,
Declining health forbade it to endure.
Still his adherence to the Church he loved,
Such duties as his powers permitted, proved ;

* “The priest’s lips should keep knowledge.”—*Malachi* ii. 7.

Still in the gap, he stood to preach or pray,
When neighbours wanted help or holiday.
And if past services exact small thanks,
Tweed, though no more a working Parson, ranks
With Clerks, who, having wrought at lowest hire
The highest work, are suffered to retire
Upon the nothing they have saved, and still
Retain the style of Reverend, if they will ;
For, gaining nothing else, we should be loth
To lose the barren honours of “the cloth !”

Nor let all this for egotism pass ;
I name myself, but represent a class,
Good soldiers of the Church, till failed their force,
And, when past service left without resource,
Whose piteous case might Church-reformers tempt
(If e'er of doing good they more than dreamt,)
To vote her worn-out ministers half-pay,
And find a refuge for them in decay.

Sequel to the above.

’Tis said that disappointment prompts my strain,
And longings for preferment, sought in vain ;
I may have wished for it : to own the truth,
I had such foolish hankerings in my youth.
I might have sought it, as so many do,
But that it never came within my view,

So near at least as to excite desire.
To things beyond our reach we cease t' aspire :
The child may feel a wish to grasp the moon,
But, taught its distance, he corrects it soon ;
And vain aspirings checked, in middle age
I look for nought that comes by patronage.

They tell me I have played my cards but ill,
To reach these years, and lack preferment still ;
And if preferment had been all my aim,
I grant that mine has been a losing game.
And yet I count it not among my sins,
That I have missed what service seldom wins ;
He who his talents to the Church devotes,
And hopes to rise by dint of merit, dotes.
In lay professions, skill and knowledge tell,
They rise to eminence who most excel ;
Not thus in ours is fair distinction earned,
Nor is the learnèd raised above th' unlearned.
In competition's honourable race,
“ So good for mortals ,” Parsons have no place ;
And where no field is open to contest,
To talk of splendid prizes is a jest.
When favour settles whose shall be the prize,
Prizes are offered but to tantalize,
For benefices, gifts the favoured gain,
Are not rewards that merit can obtain.

γάνθη δ' ἔρις ηδε βροτῶν.—*Hesiod.*

To worthy men by sale, or lucky lot,
They sometimes fall, their worth procures them not ;
Had theirs been less, as well they would have
 thriven,
And nought to men of equal worth is given ;
Pains-taking priests exemplify the line,
That “ probity is praised and left to pine *.”

 But happily its own rewards attend
Exertion for a good and holy end ;
E'en “ in a naughty world good deeds will shine *,”
And the strict life that marks the true divine,
Cannot ensure his rise as Interest can,
But more than Interest elevates the man.
His inward state improved, and self-respect,
Are compensations for the world's neglect.

 Yet though an honest, 'tis a thriftless course,
And looking to this life, a bad resource.
On counting the poor gains of my career,
My sons will on their sire reflect, I fear,
That not to get preferment was his aim,
But to be qualified for aught that came :
To them I could point out, I will not say
A better, but to rise a surer way :
“ Since all demand for qualities and gifts,
In those whom favour to promotion lifts,

* “ Probitas laudatur et alget.”—*Juv.*

* “ So shines a good deed in a naughty world.”—*Shakespeare.*

Are answered with one plea, 'We are preferred,'
(There is a dispensation in that word),
Boys, seek preferment first, and to that end
Contract your studies and your conduct bend,
And by whatever means propitiate those
From whom the current of promotion flows.
All prudent men, of present interests heedful,
Observe this rule, it is their 'one thing needful.'"
O sage advice, were this world's gain the goal
To which our high profession points the soul !
But till we can resolve with bold Macbeth,
To "jump the life to come," and mock at death,
I recommend not the "broad way" to them,
Nor my own choice of straiter paths condemn.

Hybrid Christians.

THEY into saints and sinners who divide
The Christian world, and own no class beside,
Would seem to overlook the numerous throng
Of those who to the middle sort belong,—
A race, of saints with sinners mixed the brood,
Not positively bad, nor truly good :
Not infidels, they partially believe,
But little heed the truths which they receive ;
Not pious, nor quite void of godly fear,
Not much in earnest, yet perhaps sincere.

God they would serve, but Mammon serve as well,
 Not meet for heaven, yet hardly ripe for hell ;
 They love religion, all but its restraints,
 As hybrid Christians, half sinners and half saints.
 The godly man who weds a worldly mate
 Such issue may expect to propagate.

Theology and the Justice.

THEOLOGY^b to Oldham^c came, a venerable goddess,
 In buckram suit she was arrayed, and strait-laced was
 her bodice ;
 For Oldham, though a priest, had lent a helping hand
 to edit
 A legal work^d, of which he let a layman bear the
 credit.
 But still, for men remember best what's in a whisper
 told 'em,
 There were not wanting some who winked, and traced
 its lines to Oldham.
 At this the goddess was incensed who proudly thought
 that her sons,
 By tilling other soil than hers, would desecrate their
 persons ;

^b To prevent misconception, it is proper to say that Theology is not taken here in its best sense, but means Controversial Divinity.

^c The Rev. John Oldham, Rector of Stondon, Essex, an eminent magistrate.

^d A new edition of Burn's "Justice."

In tones peculiar to herself, and somewhat damningly,
"My son," she cried, "what's this I hear? no credit-
able story:

Hast thou renounced divinity, by which I hoped to
raise thee,

And given thy strength unto the law whose crabbed-
ness will craze thee?

To pore o'er acts of parliament is thy high mind
contented,

For this was that deep front of thine with lines of
thought indented?

Know, I had other work for thee which wanted a pro-
found head,

And in my service hadst thou toiled thy fame had
far resounded;

Against the principles I hold fierce sects you see
contending,

Which they, who best can fathom them, should ever
be defending.

By arts like these my loyal sons have reached an
elevation,

Which sets them on a level with the noblest of the
nation.

And thou with these might'st well have ranked, led
on by me to glory,

And with a mitre crowned thy head, before its hairs
were hoary;

Then haste thee, and seek honour from this holy competition,
And let unhallowed hands complete this new 'improved' edition ;
For know that to reclaim thee, son, this is my last endeavour,
If now I fail, I give thee up : we part, and part for ever."

She ceased, and Oldham rolled his eyes, and frowning looked the droller,
And if his countenance was changed, 'twas more in scorn than choler.
"Well, let us part as friends," quoth he, "for what's the use of railing ?
I'm armed so well with honesty that threats are unavailing[•] ;
What if, since this asthmatic cough has spoiled me for a preacher,
Of magistrates in embryo I have become the teacher ?
Does not religion say to me, and every Christian brother,
'In one way if you cannot work, be useful in some other ?'
A fico then for your reproach, and though I could retort it,

[•] "There is no terror in your threats,
For I am armed so strong in honesty."—*Julius Caesar.*

Your cavilling spirit I forgive, well-knowing where
you caught it ;
For I am not so little versed in your peculiar reading,
As not to know your pedigree is better than your
breeding.
When Carnal Zeal intrigued with Truth, in decency's
defiance,
You were the fruit, it is well-known, of that impure
alliance ;
Religion frowned upon your birth, and when you
would have kissed her,
She turned away, ashamed to own that you were her
half-sister.
Good principles your mother taught, and you received
them gladly,
But then you passed through certain schools¹ that
spoiled your temper sadly ;
So, though your doctrines may be sound, your manner,
ma'am, is what I call
(Excuse the freedom of my speech) offensively dog-
matical.
Let me remind you here of what perhaps you have
forgotten,
The epithet affixed on you by wise Sir Henry Wotton² :

¹ The Schoolmen are considered to have introduced a contentious spirit into Divinity.

² Sir H. Wotton ordered to be inscribed upon his tomb : "Quis me tandem liberabit ab ista rixosa Theologia ?".

‘Who will deliver me,’ he cried, and from his tomb
 he cries still,
‘From quarrelsome theology?’ methinks the term
 applies still.
Your sons, no doubt, high doctrines preach, but spite
 of orthodoxy,
Not understood by those who hear, still straying we
 their flocks see.
And then they are pugnacious souls, red-hot for con-
 troversy,
Whose stern anathemas exclude the weak in faith
 from mercy.
Are these the ways by which to rise? know, madam,
 I abhor them,
‘Your mitres rain,’ as Yorick says, ‘on heads now
 aching for them,’
For till you can identify Religion with Theology,
My present course I shall pursue, nor deem it needs
 apology.”

**Epistle, addressed to the Rev. John
Oldham, on the Desire of Change.**

OLDHAM, to you my thoughts I still confide,
Though thirty years your age from mine divide ;
For yet your mind is young and undecayed,
No symptom of senility betrayed.

Time, on the other hand, with me has told,
And care which makes men prematurely old ;
Thus to my level when you condescend,
I seem to chat with some coeval friend.
And when a truant humour prompts to sing,
To you the offering of my muse I bring :
For none with more indulgence entertains
The crude productions of my labouring brains,
While I my sentiments in rhyme rehearse ;
You tolerate my prose, but praise my verse.
Yet mine is verse which, if you discompose,
The marshalled numbers differs not from prose^h,
Such as it is, it gains its utmost ends,
If, faithful to my thoughts, it please my friends.

That imputation, "changeable as Tweed,"
Half I resent, and yet half-guilty plead :
But though my lot in life has been to range,
I change not from the simple love of change :
For Tory-bredⁱ, I hold with the "True Blues,"
Change is an evil, if no good ensues,
But parties all that it is right confess,
For pressing ills by change to seek redress.

^h " *Nisi quod pede certo*

Diffrert sermoni, sermo merus."—*Hor.*

ⁱ " *Fuimus Tories*," we may say, for Toryism seems now to be one of the "has beens."

'Tis a wise maxim "to let well alone,"
But that 'tis well with me I cannot own ;
Two things are wanting to my welfare, health,
And just a competence on this side wealth :
No station satisfies, no place can please,
No neighbourhood is good, which yields not
these.

Discomforts that our present state attend,
Strike us as hints to strive that state to mend ;
Still as it feels its wants, the restless mind,
What here is lacking elsewhere trusts to find ;
And hastens to quit a place where ills abound,
To seek another where they are not found.
What by that change if ease be sought in vain,
'Tis the sad instinct of a wretch in pain,
Who finds no rest to turn and turn again.
Some doctor cries, " You might as well lie still,
You can't be easier, try which way you will."
Cold comfort this, the parish patient's dose,
With the rich clinic, " *c'est une autre chose* ;"
Him tenderly they shift from side to side,
And every posture for relief is tried.
And is the sufferer in this sad condition
Relieved in thought by changing his position ?
Why then your friend's inquietude reprove,
Who when he feels uneasy wants to move ?

With health and happy circumstances blest,
It seems not difficult content to rest,
Yet those so blest are ever on the move,
And less from reason than caprice they rove.
To change the air is an excuse to roam,
The tour of pleasure is a flight from home ;
But if the scene to vary those are glad
Who find it dull, much more must they who feel
it sad.

An ailing man, whose fortune is his wits,
Of life and livelihood despairing sits :
Or if to hope still clinging, is it strange
He hopes to better what is bad by change ?
Pinched by chill seasons here, the bird is wise
Which seeks its sustenance in warmer skies.
The comforts, wanting which in pain we live,
This place denies, the next perhaps may give.
Who that believed the blessings which he sought
Were nowhere to be found, could bear the thought ?

“Your rest is found, your wanderings at an
end¹,”
Said Virgil’s hero sighing to his friend :
“Us as it seems no settled home awaits,
Called to and fro by these capricious fates.”

¹ “Vobis parta quies,” &c.,
— “nos alia ex aliis in fata vocamur.”—*Virg.*

So, may I say it? you have found your rest,
 In that snug Rectory, where "you keep the nest¹;"
 I seem foredoomed to seek and not to find
 Some spot where health and fortune will be kind ;
 Since here, where I had hoped their lengthened
 stay,
 Farther than ever are they fled away.
 Scarce from despair escaping on the brink,
 Deep in the slough of dark despond I sink ;
 Applying to myself the seer's complaint,
 "Ah, the whole head is sick, the whole heart faint^m."

But if some lucid season intervenes,
 When fancy shifts her melancholy scenes,
 And raising visions of enchanting hues,
 The cheerful thoughts of by-gone days renew,
 Then lures me, pointing in the distant ground,
 To some fair spot where health may yet be found,
 Whose wholesome soil and air, both warm and
 pure,
 Will all complaints of mind and body cure,
 Where good old friends once more shall see me
 thriving,
 With spirits, hopes, and energies reviving ;
 To that imagined spot I long to fly,

"Tu nidum servas."—*Hor.*

^m Isa. i. 5.

With mind as eager, and as fixed an eye,
As that famed hero turned towards Italy.

But here old Horace is against me quoted,
For he, good-natured satirist, has noted
What vain offence dissatisfaction takes,
What fond attempts to 'scape from spleen it makes :
“The place is not to blame, the fault you find
Lies in the restless temper of your mind ;
The mind which never from itself can fly,
Breeds that uneasiness which prompts your sigh :
Roam not in quest of happiness, 'tis near,
Get a contented mind, and what you seek is here ^a.”

Yet sure the bard in his sententious strain,
Commends a gift he never could attain :
Some gust still drove him from his present home,
“At Rome he Tibur loved, at Tibur, Rome ^b :”
“Joyless and dull,” he owns, “his days are past,
His plan of life unsettled to the last ^c.”
The philosophic poet only meant,
His wishes once obtained, to rest content.

^a “Locum immeritum causatur iniquè,
In culpè est animus, qui se non effugit unquam.”

“Quod petis, hic est,

Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit aequus.”—*Hor.*

^b “Romæ Tibur amem ventosus Tibure Romam.”

^c “Sed mihi tarda fluunt, ingrataque tempora.

Quid mea cum pugnat sententia secum
Æstuat, et vitæ disconvenit ordine toto.”—*Hor.*

I mean no less, so soon as fortune grants
 The goods my station asks, and nature wants :
 Give me good health, and add an income clear,
 I will not budge, but bide contented here.

If now the reasons, which to me seemed strong,
 Seem weak to you, and frequent change be wrong ;
 Bear with me boasting in my own defence,
 I am not fickle in the word's worst sense.
 I change my place, for place may disagree,
 But am myself the same, where'er I be.
 Deep in the settled soul its habits lie,
 Fixed independent of locality.
 Our minds, like movables, we with us bear^q,
 And safe transport what we have treasured there.
 Thank Heaven, my principles in youth embraced,
 No movement shakes, no jostlings have displaced ;
 So little have I life's main plan deranged,
 It seems that I have rather moved than changed.

The Making of Earle^r.

THE Gods met above to examine one day,
 Some specimens earth had produced of rare clay,
 When Jove took a lump and to mould it began :
 Said he, "This will make a most excellent man ;

^q "Mea cum porto," said Aristippus.

^r Rev. E. R. Earle, Curate of Moreton, Essex ; afterwards Vicar of Belton, Rutlandshire.

See, I've formed a young fellow of good head and heart,

Ye Gods, to endow him, let each do his part."

Then Vesta mixed fire in conjunction with Cupid,
To distinguish that clay from the cold and the stupid :
Dan Phœbus in hand the new mortal next took,
And much pains he bestowed on his shape and his look ;

Dark eyes full of meaning he gave, and a face
Which was sure in the eyes of the fair to find grace :
And he wished to have added a form like his own,
But Vulcan (such passions celestials have shewn^a)

As jealous, lest Venus should like him too well,
Abridged his fair stature one ninth of an ell^t.

When his person was finished, Minerva designed
With wisdom and knowledge to furnish his mind ;
But Mercury cried, "Let his portion be wit,
Keep your wisdom for others, he sha'n't have a bit ;
Lively lad as he is, it would spoil his gay looks,
To bore him with thought or be-dull him with books ;
I will give him my talents—droll sayings, bright
sallies,

With a fine vein of ridicule, void of all malice."

"And make him," said Momus, "look wicked and sly,
Let the fun that is in him peep out at his eye."

^a "Tantæne animis coelestibus iræ?"—*Virg.*

^t Five inches.

Bacchus gave him an honest and liberal soul,
And a pipe of old wine to replenish the bowl ;
A ring Hymen brought him, with Juno's respects,
And a hint in due time to select from the sex.
Venus promised a Helen, if he would deserve her,
And whilst he debated, paired off with Minerva.
A gun Mars bestowed with a licence to shoot,
For his game would be war with the bird and the
brute.
As of old, Father Neptune presented a horse ;
Diana two greyhounds, and taught him to course :
Then he learnt with the hunters' fine chorus to
chime in,
And the Muse shewed her merriest measures to
rhyme in.
But Hercules said : " I shall give him a rub
If he does not stick close like myself to ' the club,'
And, to keep up his stock, for the good of his
neighbours,
I impose on his wife, when he gets one, twelve
labours."
Then cried Plutus, " These gifts won't enrich him,
I fear,
I shall give him an income, twelve hundred a-year."
When the youth was endowed : " Be his name Ed-
ward Earle,"
Said Jove (and he nodded and shook every curl) ;

“Thanks, Gods, for your gifts to this odd composition,
But lest they should lead the gay lad to perdition,
Invitâ Minervâ, we'll make him a priest,
For that he's by charity fitted at least.
Hermes, bear him to earth, as the Parson of Moreton,
There's a field for his alms and a manor to sport on.”

The Invalid's Apology.

DEAR Earle, at your table,
I wish I were able
 To take, as invited, my place ;
But I still must coñceive,
What my friends scarce believe,
 That my health is in pitiful case.

My liver and lungs,
If they had but tongues,
 For my absence should render a reason :
That bids me beware
Of your wine and good fare,
 These shrink from the damps of the season.

Such excuses to gainsay,
You'll cry, “ 'Tis all fancy,”
 By which remark nothing you gain ;
For the will moves the muscles,
They could not serve us else,
 And fancy the will may enchain.

Thus I will stay at home,
Though I wish much to come,
So prudence resists inclination :
For the natural bent
Is distinct from consent,
Which admits of a wide application.

So my hearers I tell,
You may learn it as well,
A scrap from a sermon won't hurt you :
"Our wishes are evil,
Yet, spite of the devil,
Our wills may be steady to virtue."

Now that's just my way
When I try to be gay,
Grave thought will intrude on my mind :
Whence I'm led to conclude,
With an inference shrewd,
For a wit I was never designed.

With a joke or a pun
I may join in your fun,
But the fun has not entered my system :
So, spite of his spark,
The glow-worm is dark
In your palm if you leisurely twist him.

When I jest with the jolly,
The mute melancholy
 My heart's core is secretly gnawing ;
'Tis the Spartan boy's case,
Who kept up a good face
 While the fox at his vitals was clawing.

Then instead of perusing
Books light and amusing,
 Which make a good-company man,
I have waded through tomes
Sage and solid, like Soames^u,
 For I wished to pursue the same plan.

Yet think me not jealous
Of the fame of good fellows,
 In which while my heart can rejoice, I
Am roused by its mention
To a friendly contention,
 'Αγαθή δ' ἔρις ηδε βροτοῦσι.

I had almost prepared,
If my life had been spared,
 Which is lost to its best operations,

^u The Rev. Henry Soames, author of the "History of the Reformation," and other valuable ecclesiastical works ; of whom I have said elsewhere :—

"The faithful chronicler of England's Church
 He was, and one who in her service wrought
 Industrious, with calm and patient thought,
 Sound learning, truthfulness, and deep research."

To take a friend's hint,
 And exhibit in print
 The result of my late lucubrations.

In these efforts my brain
 Has received such a strain,
 My nerves don't recover the shock :
 Nor can I exult
 In toils whose result
 Has left me as dull as a block.

Now my head, as if turning,
 Is buzzing and burning,
 I must bring my long strain to an end ;
 For this poor *jeu d'esprit*,
 So spun out as you see,
 Exhausts all the powers of your friend.

Invitation to Earle.

If you have stomach for a humble feed,
 Cease from grand dinners, Earle, and dine with
 Tweed :
 " Does Tweed give dinners, then ?" he answers " No :"
 And here a nice distinction let me shew.
 Some men give dinners, some have friends to dine,
 The former mode is yours, the latter mine.

I give no dinners, for I shun display,
Friends dine with me, but in a quiet way.

While pride and luxury new ways contrive,
All but the wealthy from their board to drive ;
We prudent folks, who find the cost increased
Beyond our means, decline the sumptuous feast.
Poor gentlemen who ape the rich, we know,
Must to strange shifts resort to make a show ;
When these pretend to live as great men live,
And give such banquets as the wealthy give,
They must incur the character of folly,
With consequences still more melancholy.

And yet for us it seems a little hard
From all society to be debarred ;
For we are men, and men in any case,
Where nature sways, are a gregarious race.
We want not friendly feelings, well inclined
In social acts to mingle with our kind.
Our old complaint, the leanness of the purse,
Does not, thank Heaven, unfit us to converse.
Not wholly dull, with tolerable art
In decent merriment we play our part ;
Thus formed convivial meetings to enjoy,
The style which half their comfort would destroy,
We blame, and think refinements that enhance
Trouble and cost, a vain extravagance,

Lessening their pleasure, and their number too,
For that which makes them dear has made them
few ;
Till friendship's utmost stretch it would appear,
T' exchange a formal party once a-year.

Society, why should thy name imply
Of the gay world the exclusive company ?
Is he less sociable, because less gay,
Who asks his fellows in an artless way
To share his humbly-hospitable board,
On which he sets the best he can afford,
And nought beyond ; has no expensive fancies,
But regulates his feast by his finances ?
“ Pomp, pride, and circumstance,” he quite discards,
Inviting only those whom he regards ;
His guests are friends, and to their host they bear
Too much good-will to criticise his fare :
All at his board are equal and at ease,
Freed from constraint which haunts the table of
grandees.

A modern author meets my thoughts and wishes *,
Who wisely would retrench superfluous dishes ;
He bids us sacrifice both fuss and form,
To have our hashes hot, our welcome warm.

* Walker, author of “ The Original.”

Him I would follow,—for I like his book,—
Had I that exquisite artiste, his cook ;
For to her skill, combined with his good sense,
His tasteful dinners owed their excellence ;
But, for my cook is plain (as eyes may see),
With dainties they dispense who dine with me.

Yet after all, what constitutes the treat ?
Not the feed surely, but the friends we meet.
Earle, if you like my notions, join my party,
Your dinner will be plain, your welcome hearty.

The Soleful Congratulation.

To the Rev. E. R. Earle, on his Preferment.

DEAR Earle, your friends with gloomy pleasure hear
This last report, the news of your preferment :
Our joy at your promotion is sincere,
But—for there is no sweet without a worm in't,—
Whilst we commend the Chancellor's late bounty,
We blame your placing in a distant county.

You seemed at Moreton comfortably fixed,
And we who saw it wished you there for life,
The elements of happiness all mixed
In your full cup ; you wanted but a wife,—
A want you could have easily supplied,
And pity but you had staid here and tried.

The fates, it seems, thought otherwise, whose sentence
 Constrains you from our neighbourhood to fly :
 And since a choicer fellow never went hence,
 "With one auspicious and one dropping eye,"
 (As Shakespeare says), we shall pursue your flight,
 And cry, "God speed," wherever you alight.

So when you migrate with your train of steeds,
 Dogs and domestics, Jerry^y in the van,
 And in the rear Dame Bush^x, with that which "needs
 No bush," but "maketh glad the heart of man;"
 May you with crew and cargo safe arrive
 At your new settlement, and therein thrive.

Yet will our circle, suffering from a dearth
 Of lively souls, your absence feel severely :
 Ill can we spare good fellowship and worth,
 And, "for the loss of pelf is mourned sincerely^z,"
 Moreton will grieve with unaffected sighs,
 Missing your kindness and your charities.

Good Churchmen, too, will miss that hospitality,
 Which rather oddly, when referred to feasts,
 The world accounts a sacerdotal quality,
 Though, as the proper attribute of priests,
 It meant, when primitive ideas prevailed,
 Poor strangers entertained, not friends regaled.

^y The groom and housekeeper.
^x "Ploratur lacrymis amissa pecunia veris."

But be that as it may, the social virtue
Or Christian grace, 'tis what benevolence
Prompting a liberal spirit to exert, you
Are fond of practising in either sense.
So high and low alike will mourn the day
Which takes their true and generous friend away.

Here I could be pathetic, if I would,
But unavailing grief, we hold, is folly :
And balancing the evil with the good,
You have more cause for mirth than melancholy ;
So let us check regrets that vex the soul,
Rejoicing in your welfare on the whole.

"I hate Good-bye."

To a Lady who sang a Song beginning with these words.

"I HATE Good-bye," and never hate it more
Than when fair ladies linger at my door :
"I hate Good-bye," yet most averse should be,
To miss its utterance from a friend like thee ;
For in a parting look there is a spell,
Though sad 'tis soothing to have said farewell.

Fashion and her Counterfeits.

MEN, by mere wealth to vulgar greatness grown,
Are haughtier than the high-bred sons of Ton ;

Fashion I never court, and often blame,
I deem her Folly with a finer name.
Yet this I grant her, if not her design,
Her tendency was ever to refine,
To teach men courtesy, and that respect
For station, which an upstart race neglect.
And whoso marks her votaries, and compares
Their genuine breeding with plebeian airs ;
Of such pretensions sick, will pardon her,
And to her counterfeits his scorn transfer.
Who mimicking her gay fantastic pride,
From her refinements rudely turn aside,
In every delicate conception dense,
And only frank of speech to give offence :
Vain but unpolished, insolent though low,
Failing in style and substituting show.

Goodness should be Amiable.

GOODNESS is not attractive, if alone,
Void of those gentle graces which impart
A pleasure, and almost for faults atone,
So winningly they play around the heart.

The good man should be pleasant, lest he yield
Advantage to her watchful enemies
To slander goodness, in a form revealed
So little amiable to common eyes.

Men love not virtue (sad it is, but true),
And nature would incline them to detest
Her looks austere, albeit a chosen few
May bear with her stern manners : yet the rest
Worth in itself repulsive will offend ;
O learn with worth some pleasantness to blend.

The Address of a Timid Lover.

I LOVE thee, though I name thee not ; I love thee
most sincerely,
Nor is it in the power of verse to testify how
dearly !
I love thee, not for thy fair face, attractive though
it be,
But for good and gracious qualities which I discern
in thee.

I love thee for much excellence veiled in a modest
mind,
For manners pleasing without art, and temper sweetly
kind ;
For thy domestic virtues, and, which yet is higher
praise,
That unaffected piety, which duty's call obeys.

I love thee for these reasons good, and others yet
more strong,
For more than all, a something inexpressible in song :
I love thee, and would ask thy love, yet doubting
with some pain,
If any proof of love it be to bid thee love again.
For happy seems thy present lot, and bounteously
supplied,
With all that affluence commands, and much to me
denied ;
The luxuries of life are thine, its gaieties and ease,
Its moderate comforts only mine, and I must toil for
these.
So love itself half hesitates to say, “Come, share my
fate,”
For what have I to offer thee thy loss to compensate ?
Ah, little in the world’s esteem is all that I possess,
The talents which my Maker gave, and which He
deigns to bless.
Yet the mental and the moral gifts, which own a source
divine,
Exceed the temporal in worth, and suffer less decline ;
And these, though meant to raise our views above
this earthly sphere,
Have power, when exercised aright, to work our
welfare here.

Has then kind Providence on me bestowed, what in
thine eyes
With favour viewed, can compensate for all disparities?
It is for thy decision left, by which I must abide,
I cannot be impartial here, love bribes me to his side.

The Address of a Bold Lover.

LISTEN, dear maid, a lover sues,
Nor blame the suit, though bold it be :
Since hearts that faint their object lose,
I would not faintly plead with thee.

I woo thee not as worldlings woo,
Whose vows are mixed with views of pelf :
Nor would I thrive as worldlings do,
But be accepted for myself.

But if the soul's affections dear
Thou prizest fortune's gifts above ;
I offer thee regard sincere,
Deep admiration, ardent love.

I offer thee a faithful heart,
Which, while it feels that thou art fair,
Appreciates thy better part,
And values more thy virtues rare.

I offer thee an active mind,
Whose toil can moderate wants supply ;
And in itself resources find
To compensate for poverty.

I offer thee a lively vein
Of gaiety which combats care,
To raise life's joy, and soothe its pain,
If these together we might share.

I offer thee the converse kind
Which man with his dear partner holds,
When in sweet confidence reclined,
He every thought to her unfolds.

I offer thee a humble home,
And let not pride its comforts spurn :
Where happiness once deigned to come,
And would, if thou wast there, return.

If offered all that I possess,
Thou canst dispense with wealth and youth,
Accept, and trust in Heaven to bless
A suit thus urged in love and truth.

The Doctors' Religion.

WHILST infidel L—— religion rejects,
A—— believes, but all worship neglects ;
These doctors are both from the right equidistant,
But Lawrence in wrong is at least more consistent.

On the Era of the Reformation.

WHEN from a system God would banish night,
"Let there be light," He says, and there is light ;
Nor less of spirit than of matter Lord,
He speaks, and moral agents hear His word :
"Let Luther and Erasmus rise," He said,
And light and learning dawned, and darkness fled.

On the Two Universities.

IF Light, the light of truth, which makes men wise,
And Order, which preserves the state, we prize ;
Oxford and Cambridge may divide their fame,
From Cambridge, Light,—from Oxford, Order came.

The Man who carried the whole of his Wealth in his Head.

THERE is living in Essex an old-fashioned clerk,
Whose oddities often give rise to remark ;
Of whom, among other strange things, it is said,
He carries the whole of his wealth in his head.

A master, who gave him some credit for brains,
Had flogged him at school till he made him take pains ;
And he taught him to trust to his talents for bread,
As he carried the whole of his wealth in his head.

So of Latin and Greek he laid in a good store,
And to this, like a miser, still kept adding more ;
For his riches, he argued, increased as he read,
Since he carried the whole of his wealth in his head.

On this he set up, as a good stock-in-trade,
And soon to the ladies advances he made ;
Mothers thought him "no catch," and the daughters
soon fled,
As he carried the whole of his wealth in his head.

But one gentle maiden, with bosom more tender,
The tutor persuaded her heart to surrender ;
And with more love than prudence she ventured
to wed
Him who carried the whole of his wealth in his head.

Children came, and so fast it alarmed the young pair,
But the wits of poor mortals are sharpened by care ;
And that numerous fry by his efforts were fed,
Who carried the whole of his wealth in his head.

So true was the proverb he loved to repeat,
"God never sends mouths, that He does not send
meat;"

And thrifty through life his large family sped,
Though he carried the whole of his wealth in his
head.

One loss he sustained, which he cannot repair,
For who without fortune can now win the fair?
A lover they love, but a husband they dread
Who carries the whole of his wealth in his head.

Poor widowers must not to wedlock aspire,
And ten living children might check the desire;
Enough of his stock he already has bred
Who carries the whole of his wealth in his head.

Escape from Love.

I COULD have loved thee, but a firmer will
Mastering my wishes prompted me to flee,
Ere in sweet thraldom I was held by thee :
No longer young, thou art attractive still ;

And had I lingered in thy neighbourhood,
I must have been thy captive, for thy face
Retains its power to charm, and mental grace
Conspicuous shewed thee not less fair than good.

Could I have won thee? Man was made to win
Thy tender sex, and love in one beloved
Engenders love: but reason disapproved
The suit, a folly deemed, if not a sin,
Forbidding me to seek with earthly bliss
To crown "a head so old and white as this."

Damaris the Charmer.—English Sapphics.

If the sweet aspect of a pretty maiden
With the meek virtues that adorn a Christian,
Blended, is charming, Damaris "the charmer,"
Rightly we name thee.

Fair we still see, gradually losing
Airy youth's lightness, yet enough retaining
Youthful attractions, amiable always,
Lovely, but humble.

Watchful, if tempted to be vain, to stifle
Vanity's risings; moderate in all things
Which the frail sex most covet, admiration
Lightly regarding.

Yet, modest maiden, tolerate an old but
Fervid admirer, for in him the warmth of
Youthful affection, never wholly quenched, glows,
Quickly rekindled,

When a fair object meriting regard he
Fondly contemplates, woman in the path of
Difficult duties, resolutely walking,
 Such as he saw thee,

Lately delighted. But, alas ! reflection
Mingled its sadness, as he thought, disheartened,
How far old age invidiously from thee
 Seemed to remove him !

O were it granted to return to past years,
Years yet admitting of a hope to win thee !
Then had it not been very vain, an idle
 Folly to love thee.

Let me cease dreaming of a bliss reserved for
Some favoured lover—may he make thee happy !
Blessèd himself, if to the nuptial altar
 Worthy to lead thee.

Not a Person but a Woman.

“THAT Damaris, the subject of your lay,
Must be ‘a charming person,’ as you say ;”
“A charming person,” nay, I said not so,
She is a very woman you must know—
I had not sung her praise else ; for a person
Is not a creature I would waste a verse on.

To sink the sex, it is unnatural quite,
That which delights is something definite ;
The doubtful gender irritates my spleen,
I have no liking for an Epicene.
Whose folly first, or squeamishness absurd,
To womankind applied that dubious word ?
Talk of "a person," and you fail to mark
The counterpart of man, and leave it dark ;
Talk of "a woman," and the heart is stirred,
There is a sort of magic in the word.
It wrongs the sex the title to suppress,
By which they claim our love and tenderness.

The Ephesian Matron ^a.

IMMODERATE grief, which makes a loud lament,
Too violent to last, is quickly spent ;
Since neither soul nor body can sustain
For any length of time excessive pain.
The widow, who in secret sheds a tear
O'er her dead husband, may be thought sincere :
But she who raises an unseemly pother,
Exhausts her sorrow soon, and weds another.

^a This story, taken from Petronius, is told by Bishop Taylor, at the end of his "Holy Dying," seriously and as if true. I consider it as a satire upon widows' readiness to marry again, and as such it is treated here.

Who has not heard of an Ephesian dame,
Whose mourning gained her an immortal fame?
Not that she suffered from protracted grief,
Her widowhood, if sad, at least was brief.
She, when her "dear, dear husband" died, who
then,
For the first time, appeared "the best of men,"
So kind is death in this, that he reveals
That excellence which often life conceals:
As widows then were wont, she rent her vest,
Tore her dishevelled hair, and beat her breast;
And with such common actions not content,
Resolved to perish in his monument:
A monument not like a modern tomb
Built o'er a grave, it was a spacious room:
There o'er the corpse so loved, she wailed and wept,
And watched, and wakened grief if e'er it slept.

It chanced a sentinel parading near,
The groanings of the mourner paused to hear;
And wondering what those doleful sounds might
mean,
Approached, and witnessed there a touching scene:
A widow, beautiful in her distress,
Moved the rough soldier's inmost tenderness,
He saw her grief-worn, drooping, and in short
Requiring, if not asking, his support.

The vault he entered : spite of her **surprise**,
The mourner scarcely raised her **downcast** eyes ;
He, with kind gestures which dispelled **alarm**,
Entreated her to lean upon his arm.
“Grieving is folly, lady fair,” he said,
“Why should the living suffer for the **dead** ?
“O take some sustenance and cease to **pine**,
“Cheer up, and share with me this **flask of wine**.
The more he pressed, the fainter grew her “ Nay,
(‘Tis certain soldiers have a winning way ;)
What blandishments he used we are not told,
But they succeeded and the dame consoled.
His suit was short, he had no time to waste,
And soon another love the first effaced ;
E’en in the tomb of him, her late adored,
Her faith she plighted to a second lord.

At length the dawn to his remembrance brought
His duty, well-nigh banished from his thought :
“I must resume the post I left,” he cried,
“And thence relieved will come and claim my
bride ;
Mine is a service hazardous and hard,
A corpse exposed upon a cross to guard,
Which were it missing, it would cost my life,”
“For Heaven’s sake, haste then,” screamed *the*
would-be wife.

He went, and quick returned, and his blank face
Told her at once his danger and disgrace.
"The body gone," she cried, "we are undone !
But can't you substitute another one ?
See this poor carcase here, a useless load,
Sure if it saves your life 'tis well bestowed."
He took her at her word : the corpse he bore
And placed it where the felon's hung before ;
Thus her first husband on the gibbet swung,
While to the second the fond matron clung.

There is a sort of moral to our tale,
That, spite of sorrow, nature will prevail ;
Who seems to whisper to the widowed fair,
"The loss which you deplore, you can repair :"
And hence the mourner, once disconsolate,
Finds consolation in a second mate.

A Palinode.

To a Lady, of whom the Author had said, like other
Women she was "at heart a Bake."

"On ne parle jamais de bonne foi quand on parle mal des
femmes."

MAN never speaks sincerely
When woman he reviles ;
When censuring her severely
Within himself he smiles.

In jest, while he abuses
Whom cordially he loves,
He in his heart excuses
The faults his tongue reproves.

So, Julia, when I venture
To touch thee with light lash,
I soon revoke my censure,
Impertinent and rash.
The gall of wit diluting
In tenderness to thee,
And meekly substituting
Plain truth for raillery.

“The rake” of late reputed,
Is changed to the “nice girl.”
As the salt drop transmuted,
They say, becomes a pearl.
So from these harmless sallies
This one conclusion raise,
I counterfeited malice,
But truth extorted praise.

On the Decoration of Churches.

“Ne quid nimis.”—*Ter.*

THE notions men conceive are odd,
When by themselves they judge of God ;
That He loves show as much as they,
Some think, and make His worship gay.
And this the secret, if we search, is
Of ladies’ zeal in decking churches ;
Who, “fond of ornament ^b,” disdain
The House of Prayer if it be plain,
And haunt those temples, as the best,
Which, like themselves, are gaily drest.

It is a zeal like this which stirs
The souls of Virgin-worshippers ;
“Our Lady’s” images they clothe
With finery which herself would loathe,
If clad, as she was used to be,
In meekness and humility.

But one respect the human Mother
Demands, the Son Divine another ;
An idol tawdry worship claims,
But He Whose Name transcends all names,

^b φιλόκοσμον χρῆμα γυναικες.—*Gr. Frag.*
“Woman is a creature that loveth ornament.”

But from “the strong delusion” fly,
Which tempts you “to believe a lie,”
Whilst it exalts above our own
Those by-gone ages dimly known ;
Sad evidence of minds not right,
When “men love darkness more than light.”

For sure to him who both compares,
Our phase is light, and darkness theirs ;
A brighter era, truth will own,
Her faithful annals have not shewn,
Than that which set religion free
From long-usurped authority.

High Churchmen not the only Christians.

You talk of Churchmen, as if none
For Christians passed save these alone,
In your exclusive view ;
Christians we deem the better part
Of every sect—“the pure in heart,”
The faithful and the true.

Our category would include
Churchmen as far as they are good,
The rest it might ignore ;

And if on worth you laid due stress,
You, too, would talk of Churchmen less,
And think of Christians more.

Nor Churchmen, nor their rivals, all
“Called to be saints,” obey the call :
At this the few that aim,
Whate’er their party, we revere ;
Their claim to reverence is clear,
Who grace the Christian name.

Staunch partisans may take a pride
In nice distinctions, which divide
Those who should be agreed ;
We prize above discordant names
The holy characters and aims
Of Israelites indeed.

On the Same.

“We are the Church.”

“THE Temple of the Lord are we,”
So cried the zealous Jews of old :
Presumptuous as it seems to be,
High Churchmen are perhaps as bold.

For when "the Church" they bid us hear,
They speak of their own Church, I ween ;
They own no other, that is clear,
But are themselves the Church they mean.

Man's Love not without Self-love.

DISINTERESTED love in man is rare,
As he will find into the world who looks :
Though instances are scattered here and there,
And much we read of it in ladies' books ;
The fictions of those amiable creatures,
Who paint hard men with their own softer features.

My love, I know, was simple and sincere,
Though some would say it was not genuine,
Unless the welfare of its object dear
It chiefly sought, without regard to mine ;
Heaven knows, I wished her well, but then I found
That with her happiness my own was bound.

I thought how happy I could be with her,
Happy without her I could hardly be,
And from her sweet consent I might infer,
The same kind thought she entertained of me :
We loved each other, and we hoped no less
From mutual love than mutual happiness.

I should have asked myself, the wise ones say,
“ Will it be good for her, as well as you ? ”
But on which side the chief advantage lay,
Was not a question lovers would pursue :
For both desired that union, and were loth
Not to believe it would be blest to both.

Before us we beheld, nor looked beyond,
The prospect of some happy years at least ;
Life seemed to promise to our wishes fond,
The satisfaction of a present feast :
And as all bliss is fleeting, it is plain,
Whatever is enjoyed is so much gain.

Bright are the visions of a youthful pair !
But though the pictures flattering fancy drew
Were not quite realized, we had our share
Of happiness and comfort, known to few :
With much of harmony, and little strife,
Thanks to the placid temper of my wife.

Nor must we murmur in a world like this,
Who can look back upon a course of years
Passed in experience of domestic bliss,
Though joys were dashed with griefs, and hopes
with fears :
Troubles we had, and to each other told them,
With sweet communication which consoled them.

Thus it was good for me, but how for her ?
We cannot ask, who is not here to tell :
But that she shared my blessings, I aver,
That she had more to bear, is probable ;
For marriage was a bargain from the first,
In which poor woman ever had the worst.

That is a point to settle with her Maker,
He has ordained it, and it must be so,
Nor let her think him selfish who would take her
As partner of his weal as well as woe ;
Though she may find the truth of what Paul said,
“They shall have trouble in the flesh who wed.”

That wrong she will forgive ; and not forego
Her highest honour,—that her husband sought
her,
Because above all creatures here below
Essential to his happiness he thought her.
This on man’s part, if it be selfishness,
Where is the woman who would wish it less ?

I hate that overstrained morality
By which our complex motives are dissected,
Nor have I learnt all feelings to decry
In which regard for self can be detected ;
That we may love ourselves the precepts prove,
Which teach us others “as ourselves” to love.

Hints to the Unmarried.

THE first few years of married life
(Whate'er the rest may prove) are sweet ;
Indulging love, avoiding strife,
The pair conceive their bliss complete.

But happiness declines to stay
With those who do not wisely wed :
For youthful charms soon pass away,
And passion cools when these have fled.

The wife then ceasing to attract,
The husband ceases to admire ;
He views her as she is in fact,
And this abates love's early fire.

If while her person charmed, defects
Were not discovered in her mind,
Now disenchanted, he detects
The faults to which he once was blind.

He sees her changed, and looks in vain
For amiable redeeming traits,
Which his affection might retain,
Or serve a just esteem to raise.

Not wisely meek, to have her way
She strives, and striving oft in vain :
With an ill grace, as loth t' obey,
Submits to her stern master's rein.

Or if to her, an untamed shrew,
Regarded as, in Scripture phrase,
"The weaker vessel," honour due,
Her conscientious partner pays ;

Though faithful still, less fond he grows,
By duty more than love constrained ;
His kindness merely formal shews
How much her influence has waned.

It is not so when worth within
Beneath a fair exterior lies ;
True worth a husband's heart can win,
And hold love fast when beauty flies.

This in my Eleanor appeared,
When her sweet visage time had marred :
By moral qualities endeared,
She still retained my fond regard.

Impressions on the fancy made
By beauty's glance, are seldom deep ;
A higher charm must lend its aid
Affection in the soul to keep.

Good men if ye would captivate,
Maidens, add virtues to your graces ;
So love will bless your nuptial state,
When faded are your forms and faces.

Uxoriousness a Mistake.

TRUE tender love a husband owes his wife,
And let him pay the debt : but that excess
Of fondness, quaintly called uxoriousness,
Let him avoid, the bane of married life.
It raises her to rule who should obey,
And her meek mate it lowers in men's eyes,
Making herself unhappy, while she cries
Like a spoilt child, and frets to have her way.
And he, unable to resist her tears,
His better reason yields to her caprice ;
But though he sacrifices all for peace,
Misrule prevailing, peace soon disappears.
Weak man to woman thus submitting errs,
Nor his own happiness consults, nor hers.

Apathy, the effect of Age.

LOTH to depart, to life we cling,
Though sorrow length of days attends ;
It is a thought the heart to wring,
We live but to survive our friends.

Too soon the sad bereavements come ;
Our parents' death, the first distress,
Breaks up our old familiar home,
And doubles that unhappiness.

A sister next, and then a brother,
We follow to the grave, and fast
One painful loss succeeds another,
Till callous we become at last.

The old man, by repeated blows
Heart-hardened, walks without a tear,
As if unconscious of his woes,
Behind his once-loved kinsman's bier.

Nor this account among his faults :
For wretched man 'tis ordered well,
That use to grief's severe assaults
Leaves him at length insensible.

Such apathy by nature sent,
Grows upon age, and not in vain :
Her opiate with kind intent
Administered to deaden pain.

The Selfish and the Unselfish.

“A character without an alloy of self is a mere monster.”

Merivale.

THOUGH selfishness is bad in its excess,
They err who would that instinct quite suppress :
The feelings nature gives to all her sons,
Not always nice, are necessary ones ;
And e'en with selfishness the case is such,
Some have too little, many have too much ;
And those unselfish few become the prey
Of these, whom selfish feelings only sway.
Men love their ease and argue for it thus :
“Why should we toil, if you will toil for us ?”
All more or less (it is the natural course),
To spare themselves, would “work the willing
horse ;”
So looking to their interest shrewd ones say,
“Th’ advantage which you will not take, we
may.”
Thus, by a law of nature most perverse,
Unselfish beings make the selfish worse.

When I have seen, and seeing half-despised,
Good souls submitting to be victimized,

I longed to tell the dupes that self-neglect ^f
 Is weakness, and a want of self-respect.
 “ Friends, to yourselves be just, nor think more
 due
 From you to others, than from them to you,
 And, lest you make them selfish to excess,
 Set limits to your own unselfishness.
 What between man and man is fair that claim,
 As you to every one would yield the same :
 Harmless as doves, be wise as serpents too,
 And suffer not the wrong ye would not do.”

Love's sharpest Pang.

THE sharpest pang of all the pangs of love,
 Is, while we dote, to feel we disapprove :
 Blind but in part and for its peace afraid,
 The mind condemns the choice the heart has
 made.
 Rebuked by reason, and by passion tossed,
 The soul is racked, and happiness is lost ;
 O thou, this conflict who hast raised, remove,
 And be what I esteem as well as love.

^f “Self-love is not so vile a sin
 As self-neglecting.”—*Shakespeare, Henry V.*

On the Early Marriages of the Poor.

YE wealthy, condemn not the poor for their haste
The best of life's blessings in wedlock to taste ;
For who, if their increase were checked, would prepare
For you the fine linen and sumptuous fare ?

As the work of the world must be done by the poor,
'Tis ordained they should marry and multiply more :
And as some compensation for poverty's pain,
Indulge the affections which rich ones restrain.

And if there is anything cheering to life
In the mutual endearments of husband and wife,
In the parent's fond smile on his girl or his boy,
The poor have their portion at least in that joy.

Then grudge not the pleasures of nature to them,
Lest the Author of nature you seem to condemn :
" Replenish the earth," was our Maker's command,
And His will that " the poor never cease from the
land."

God spreads a wide table, and ample the fare,
In His bounty provided for all bidden there ;
And this is the duty wealth owes to the poor,
Not to lessen their number, but add to their store.

Song—For Christmas Day, as kept in Old Times.

“Ye shall have a song, as in the night when a holy solemnity
is kept.”—*Isa. xxx. 29.*

MERRY Christmas was ever a time to rejoice,
For this our good parents have oftentimes met ;
If we listen to nature’s imperious voice,
Such examples shall we, grateful children, forget ?
Forget them ! ah no !
The duty we owe,
Forbids us the practice they taught to forego ;
Then again met together again we’ll repeat
The customs which seemed to our childhood so sweet.

That ever-green holly our windows which decks,
(Fit emblem of love which endures through all
years,) Reminds us that, spite of time’s changes and checks,
There is ever recurring a season that cheers—
For the holly that we
Delight still to see,
To our forefathers once was the signal of glee.
Thus in each generation there glow the same fires,
And our sons feel the pleasure that gladdened our
sires.

Then indulge in festivity free from reproof,
Our rooms with no revels illicit shall roar ;
The pastimes are harmless that shake our old roof,
Here innocence keeps hospitality's door.
 Unattended with ill
 Is the glass that we fill,
For sobriety measures and tempers it still—
Though the sound of our carols the churl may annoy,
We but echo the chorus angelic of joy.

While friendship and charity hallow the day,
And as freely receiving we freely impart,
We the rites of a holy solemnity pay,
Our festival keeping with gladness of heart ;
 God sends us good cheer,
 His blessings are here,
With others we share them, with pleasure sincere,
And the Church of our fathers will sanction our mirth,
Which breathes good-will to men, and spreads joy
 through the earth.

Sorrow seldom lasts long.

MAN is not by nature disposed to lament,
And the tears of most mourners are very soon spent ;
From childhood to age we resist melancholy,
And agree, young and old, to think grieving is folly.

When poor little Phœbe first heard the sad knell
Which was tolling for Aunt, while Mama was unwell,
" How shocking," she said to her nurse, " it would be,
If my own dear Mama should be taken from me !

" Then think of my cousin, and how she will cry !"
" But she will not cry long," was the nurse's reply ;
And when she next saw her, so far from distress,
She bid Phœbe look at her nice mourning dress.

Phœbe then thought her cousin unfeelingly gay ;
But like her, when her mother was taken away,
She soon ceased to weep, and was vexed at the
thought,
That she could not grieve nearly so much as she
ought.

But childhood affects not on sorrow to dwell,
And manhood contrives to divert it as well ;
Though grief should be deeper, we master it then,
Light-hearted, as children, hard-hearted, as men.

The merry companion, when once he is gone,
Is little regretted, if grief is put on :
With a levity hardly disguising a scoff,
They say, " Let us hope he is now better off."

When dear ones are stricken their loss we deplore,
But after a season we feel it no more :
Other friends are raised up who their places supply,
For the kindness of man with the dead does not die.

That desolate widow, who lately despaired
Of again being happy, her loss has repaired :
Thus relief for the saddest bereavement is found,
And time, the sure healer, can cure the worst wound.

To continue to grieve^s and lament, as at first,
For that which is past and cannot be reversed,
Is the mark of a tender but impotent mind,
To the will of our Maker too little resigned.

With a moderate sorrow, then, mourn for the dead,
Nor expect many tears for yourself to be shed :
Your death may call forth demonstrations of grief,
And it may be sincere ! It is sure to be brief.

On the Origin of a Charitable Bazaar.

FASHION of old in right of folly reigned,
Nor intercourse with Charity maintained ;
And Charity, who traced to heaven her birth,
Avoided Fashion, as the child of earth.

^s " All grief for what cannot in the course of nature be helped, soon wears away, in some sooner indeed, in some later, but it never continues very long. All unnecessary grief is unwise, and therefore will not be retained by a sound mind."—*Dr. Johnson, in Boswell's Life.*

Their objects, too, were of a different sort,
This visited the cottage, that the Court :
Their various means were variously applied,
This sacrificed to pity, that to pride.
The one loved show, the other shunned display,
This gave in secret, that in open day ;
Such opposites, they seemed at variance quite,
'Twas thought impossible they could unite.
But time works wonders : men had ceased to melt,
And Charity the want of funds now felt ;
Fashion, who knew the value of a name,
Was seized with cravings for religious fame,
And thus for Charity she laid a snare,
"Lend me your name, and you my funds shall
share."
Hence the world sees (and great the world's ap-
plause)
Fashion and Charity make common cause :
And willing to forget their ancient jar,
They join their interest in a grand bazaar.

On declining to Write Verses for a Lady's Album.

LADY, the days are past, not to return,
In which my sportive muse a ready lay
Could furnish on demand, well-pleased to earn
Smiles from the fair, and praises from the gay ;

I am not what I was, and this may shew it,
The parson has of late absorbed the poet.

My gaieties are spent : the lively vein
Whence came effusions meet for ladies' ear,
Has well-nigh ceased to flow, th' exhausted brain
Stinting its sallies (as they fail me here),
For graver themes its energies reserves,
Nor wastes on idle strains its o'erwrought nerves.

These bagatelles in verse our patience task,
As kickshaws give much trouble to your cooks ;
What labour does the snow-capt trifle ask,
On whose white top the foam so tempting
looks ;
More pains it costs that mimic snow to make,
Than the substratum of the solid cake.

So 'tis with me : light fancy's ebullitions
In rhymes to be pursued, and measured lines,
Rack this poor head worse than grave compo-
sitions,
On subjects more appropriate to divines ;
Thoughts into metre will not quickly fall,
Nor rhymes come "ready cut and dried" at call.

Then there's a text in point beyond a joke :
“When I was yet a child,” a saint could say,
“As children think and speak I thought and spoke,
But once become a man I put away
My childish things.” Now what a poet sings
For ladies' album ranks with “childish things.”

Such often were my own, which yet at times
In the light rind of verse some pith enclosed ;
Witness, ye fair, the subjects of my rhymes,
For whom I monitory strains composed ;
For still your sex inspired a moral love,
Which fondly sought its object to improve.

But waiving compliment, we cannot mend
Those whom we flatter : so my mind determines,
Now husbanding its faculties, to spend
What force remains, on satires and on sermons ;
When truth severe and serious pleases, then
I may write scraps for ladies' books again.

Sonnet on leaving Essex.

ESSEX, within whose borders I have dwelt
From infancy to age, constrained to leave
My native soil (for such thou art), I grieve :
And this departure as a wrench is felt

From old connections and familiar scenes ;
For less than other men inclined to roam,
I seldom left thee, clinging to my home,
That stay on which through life man fondly leans.
My native county, thou wilt still be dear,
Where a long life I have already spent,
And its brief remnant could have passed content
Among the friends I leave behind me here.
But thoughts which draw me back I must repel,
And bid thee with regret a long farewell.

Love in Old Age.

AN aged man may love a youthful maid,
It is unwise, but not unnatural ;
But let him not presume that in return
The youthful maid will love an aged man.
A limited regard she may admit,
A friendly liking for him : more than this
Nature allows not youth to feel for age.
This is the simple moral of my tale.

Rowland was old, but had not ceased to love,
For love is in the soul, which grows not old,
And Rowland in an aged body bore
A soul which in its feelings still was young.
But time to his worn countenance had given

The harsh aspect of age unlovable :
Too well he knew it, knew that love in him
Was folly, yet allowed it mastery.
The object of his fond regard was still
In blooming youth, when threescore years and
ten
Rowland had passed, the allotted age of man.
Disparity so great made mutual love
Impossible, as Rowland sadly felt,
Not weak enough to look for a return
From her he loved, but loving not the less,
As Petrarch loved his Laura, without hope ;
He found from her attractions no escape.

Nor could he well have shunned her had he
wished :

Matilda was the daughter of his friend,
A neighbour, called his friend by courtesy,
Misnaming one who had not his esteem ;
Though neighbourly civilities had long
Between them passed, community of minds
Was wanting : 'twas a friendship of the world,
Which Rowland suffered for Matilda's sake,—
The father borne with, but the daughter sought
Proximity had led him on to love :
He daily saw her, and with interest watched
The graces of her person and her mind

Together growing, while he felt the charm
Of manners, as bewitching as her looks.
A disposition amiable and kind,
Led her to treat him as an ancient friend,
With easy, sweet familiarity,
Not meant, but not less sure to fascinate.
What were her thoughts of Rowland, one had
asked,
And frank and simple had her answer been :
“ He is a nice old man, I like him much ; ”
But questioned further : “ What if he proposed ? ”
(For his attentions had provoked remark,)
She pettishly replied : “ Preposterous thought !
Rowland is not my lover, but my friend.
Poor soul, he will be resting in his grave
Ere I resolve on marriage : when I do,
The object of my choice will not be one
Old as my grandsire, and who bears the stamp
Of by-gone days, a venerable man :
Too venerable to be loved by youth,
If love with veneration e'er consists.”

Yet was she not unconscious of his flame :
She read it in his eyes, which, dim with years,
Grew bright at her approach, as borrowing
A temporary lustre from her looks.
Himself she could not love, but, woman-like,

She loved his admiration ; there was much
In Rowland, spite of age, which pleased the sex.
Besides the gift of woman-winning words,
That more prevail with ladies than good looks,
His marked appreciation of their charms
The pride of conscious beauty gratified.
He felt their influence, and shewed he felt.
So, flattered by his love, Matilda smiled
On Rowland, and encouraged him too much
In that mock courtship which coquettes invite.

Once seated side by side, as they conversed
With mutual pleasure, talking, as she worked
Ostensibly, but still forgot to work,
Listening to him, and liking what he said,
She towards him turned her animated face,
With looks so lovely, and withal so kind,
That in his breast a momentary gleam
Of hope it kindled ; tempted thus to pass
Discretion's bounds, and powerless to resist
The sudden impulse, he avowed his love,
And offered her his heart, and asked her hand !

Matilda, half-surprised, was half-displeased ;
But turning saw a change in his aspect,
A pleasing change, in which she recognised
The effect of joy her presence had inspired ;

For happy feelings which the looks reflect,
Make the plain visage pleasant while they last.
She turned to chide him, but her tongue refused
To break the law of kindness, for it seemed
Unnatural severely to resent
Th' avowal of his love. A tribute paid
To her attractions was, if wrong, a wrong
Which she could well forgive. Not that she meant
To sacrifice herself, as she believed
That youth is sacrificed when linked with age ;
But pity, mingled with sincere regard,
Long cherished for an old familiar friend,
Determined her not to reject his suit
Too rudely, but to spare a tender heart,
Whose only fault was loving her too well.
Doubtful she seemed : "What hast thou asked?"
she said ;
"It cannot be, methinks—but wait awhile,
And let this perturbation pass away.
My answer, the result of calmer thoughts,
Thou shortly shalt receive. Now let us part."

And so they parted : nor was Rowland long
Held in suspense. Matilda, left alone,
With leisure to resolve, now judged it best,
And kindest in the end, to crush his hopes.
An answer, therefore, curt and cold, she penned :

Thus writing (for a letter does not blush^b)
 What she without a blush could not have said :—

“ DEAR ROWLAND,
 I have long regarded thee,
 As well thou know’st, with *friendship*—mark the
 word—
 Pure friendship : it amounted not to love,
 Nor could it : I am young, and thou art old,
 And hoary hairs are nature’s gentle hints
 To wean an aged heart from youthful loves :
 This folly (such on retrospect it seems)
 Has gone too far ; from this time let it cease.
 Henceforth less intimate, we must, as friends,
 Rest satisfied with mutual esteem.”

Thus answered, Rowland felt his passion chilled,
 And hurt, he left Matilda to reflect
 With self-reproach upon her cruelty ;
 A cruelty too common in her sex,
 Careless what sensibilities they wound,
 Who sport with lovers for their love too old,
 And oft encourage with fallacious hope
 The passion they intend to disappoint.
 So dealt Matilda with her aged friend,
 And of his long attachment broke the spell.

^b “ *Epistola non erubescit.*”—*Lucretius apud Cic.*

But Rowland, who had soothed his untold love
With amatory lays more fit for youth,
Now his hard fate bewailed in heavier strains.
This was the burden of his latest song :
“ O sad condition of detested age,
When out of its due season love still glows
As fervid as in youth, but glows in vain !
O sad to love when one cannot be loved ! ”

Have you read *Don Juan* ? O fie !
Yes, I have read *Don Juan*, though it be
A book from decent drawing-rooms tabooed ;
But for myself I wished to judge, and see
If with the bad there was not mixed some
good :
Nor did I fear to be corrupted by it,
A moral hardihood made me defy it.

If books, with wicked wit too freely spiced,
Could taint my mind, it was defiled already :
But better principles imbibed sufficed
That evil to correct, and being steady,
We read unharmed what we should blush to
quote,
Nor fear the bane, but trust our antidote.

¹ “ He who cannot be the object of love, should not be the subject of it.”

For poets ever have debased with dross
The compositions which their fame is built on ;
Chaucer is wanton, Dryden sadly gross,
Nay, there are some things to be skipped in
Milton ;
And Pope, to fit him for domestic reading,
As well as Shakspeare, wants a Bowdler's weeding.

Don Juan, too, is bad ; yet let me say
Not wholly bad, though very bad in places :
But there is much that might redeem the lay
From utter reprobation : all the graces
Of poetry are there exhibited,
The good heart often, always the bright head.

Spite of its grossness, as one said of Ennius,
Out of this dunghill may be raked much gold :
Its faults, the rank luxuriance of genius,
Are ebullitions of a wit too bold ;
Forgive, dull souls, the audacities of wit,
Faults ye are never tempted to commit.

And if your languid sensibilities
Can ill conceive the force of ardent passion,
Which, seizing on high souls, restraint defies :
Consider, ere ye lay the censor's lash on
A Byron's frailties ; ye are just as frail,
But less temptations your weak minds assail.

Left to run wild, our poet might have said,
“Thou, Nature, art my goddess” and my muse ;
He sung as nature prompted, and pourtrayed
“The natural man,” ignoring higher views ;
If faith he had, it was a poet’s creed,
Original, not orthodox indeed.

His works, though not of that exalted sort
Which follow pious bards hence up to heaven,
Will live with men below, though they distort
Poor human nature, and betray its leaven :
But he who makes a reprobate his hero,
Must in the moral standard sink to zero.

I blame him, too, that he so rashly brings
Against the great a railing accusation :
The powers that be, “states, potentates, and kings,”
Involving in one sweeping condemnation ;
Maligning dignities with “zeal Satanic,”
As Southey well said in his honest panic.

But what my loyal spirit most offends,
(Tories have been, and I was once a Tory,)
Is that un-English spirit that pretends
To hold his country cheap, and hate her glory :
And finds in Waterloo and Wellington
But names to spit his “splendid bile ^k” upon.

^k “Splendida bilis.”—*Her.*

Yet in his elements, upon the whole,
 The nobler kind prevailed above the ill :
 High was his courage, liberal his soul ;
 He feigned misanthropy, but felt good-will
 For all, save those whose principles he hated,
 For them he fed a savage ire unsated.

And hence the unhappy fate of Castlereagh
 Afforded him a triumph and a jest :
 Ah, this must be forgotten, ere we say
 His better qualities redeemed the rest ;
 For still we find, resolving to be just,
 Our admiration lowered by disgust.

And though his strains are eagerly perused,
 Their wickedness forgiven for their wit,
 The bard, who thus his noble art abused,
 To be “the Muses’ priest” we judge unfit :
 Nor can he be allowed, without some purgings,
 To sing, as Horace sung, to “youths and virgins”¹.

As for Don Juan, simple souls may wrest
 To their own harm a satire oddly meant,
 On vice and folly treated as a jest,
 With irony which graver folks resent :
 I hope, if I have caught infection from it,
 My moral stamina will overcome it.

¹ “Musarum sacerdos
 Virginibus puerisque canto.”

Upon completing my Sixty-third Year.

NATURE within us seems to cry,
And powerful is her voice,
“ ‘Tis sweet to live, and sad to die,
Ye that are spared rejoice :
And of some blessings though bereft,
Think of the many that are left.”

Agreeing with that ancient sage =
Who still to live desired,
“ I have not to accuse old age,”
Of life I am not tired :
But ever feel inclined to praise
The goodness that prolongs my days.

On Old Men’s Love of Life.

STRANGE it may seem, that gray and wrinkled men,
Just on the verge of threescore years and ten,
When all, except themselves, pronounce them old,
Should cling to life, as loth to quit their hold.
“ ‘Tis worldly-mindedness,” the priest exclaims,
But falls himself into the fault he blames :
Not willing to depart, or not so soon,
He deems existence to the last a boon.

= “ Gorgias qui cum ex eo quæreretur cum tam diu vellet esse in vita?
Nihil habeo,’ inquit, ‘ quod incusem senectutem.’ ”— *Cic. de Senect.*

For life is sweet, and “pleasant is the light,
 And to behold the sun a gladsome sight^a :”
 When under his all-cheering beams we see
 So much that wakens a spontaneous glee.

But if to bless our age God kindly sends
 Dear loving relatives and hearty friends,
 We seem, while blessings such as these remain,
 Bound to this earth by strong affection’s chain,
 And feel a natural desire to live,
 Still to enjoy what Heaven still deigns to give.
 Such worldliness, “I tell thee, churlish priest,”
 If it be sin, is venial sin at least ;
 And the good soul upon whose conscience lies
 No heavier weight, may hope for Paradise.

Alas, poor Puss !

A favourite Cat, which the Writer was obliged to have destroyed.

POOR Puss, I miss thee, and it checks my mirth
 To think that thou no more wilt haunt my hearth :
 For though it would be weak to weep for thee,
 And tears for graver woes reserved must be,
 I feel that I have lost a humble friend,
 A feeling tender hearts will comprehend.

Few are my pleasures, and it seems that one
Is taken from them, now that thou art gone :
With thee I could indulge a playful mood,
Addressing thee as one that understood ;
And ever as I fostered thee and fed,
Heaping caresses on thy conscious head,
A grateful instinct taught thee to respond
With signs of fondness to those actions fond.
A sage has said, (and thou hast proved, how well !)
“ To kindness even beasts are sensible ^o : ”
The animals we cherish claim our love,
And let humanity their claim approve,
For love is pleasant, though its object be
A poor dumb creature, and was felt for thee ;
So felt as to be grieved at thy distress,
And pity raised it into tenderness.
Thy look of sadness, meekly suffering pain,
Appealed to my compassion not in vain ;
Yet still I hesitated to destroy,
And spared thy life while aught thou couldst enjoy,
But when relief we could no longer give,
And it was cruelty to let thee live,
To die we doomed thee ; yet the stroke designed
To put thee out of pain, was not unkind,
And this for thy death-warrant is my plea,
That only death could end thy misery.

^o “ *Officia etiam feræ sentiunt.* ”

A New Year's Wish.

DEAREST of friends, the opening year I hail
With kindest wishes offered up for thee,
Which, if the silent prayer of love prevail,
For thy true welfare will effectual be.

Not for brief joys but for thy real good,
My ardent vow to heaven itself shall rise,
There best its higher aim is understood,
Extended far beyond earth's vanities.

May lasting happiness thy life attend,
And comfort, health, and peace continued here,
The prelude be to pleasures without end,
The pure delights of an eternal year.

Let my full heart indulge a bolder strain,
(So may this first of days auspicious prove !)
That I with thee may be allowed to share
The bliss so fervently implored by love.

Sonnet to Julia, suffering from a terrible Accident.

AH, Julia, long admired, and early loved,
E'en from thy childhood dear ! with deep concern,
Enquiring of thy doubtful state, I learn
How thy meek patience is by suffering proved.

Affection, which unmarked from boyhood grew,
O'erpowered by later passions, not effaced,
(For when was aught so deeply graven erased?)
Led me with interest deep thy fate to view.
"Fair be thy lot," I cried, "wherever cast,"
And as my heart thy welfare had made glad,
Thy woes it feels with sympathy more sad.
But may Heaven heal ills too severe to last,
And shed on thee meanwhile the spirit blest,
Which, comforting the soul, lulls pain to rest.

On seeing Julia after an interval of Thirty Years.

METHINKS I see thee such as once thou wast,
Nor stroke of accident, nor touch of time,
Have yet effaced the impressions of thy prime,
But through the blight, which o'er thy frame has
passed,
The likeness of those earlier charms I trace :
That form, now drooping, is it not the same
Which kindled in my youthful heart a flame?
Nor unattractive is thy pensive face,
Nor of thine eyes is all the lustre quenched,
Though with a milder radiance they are bright,
When inward animation lends them light,
And shews the mind unchanged, the soul un-
blenched.

Ah ! while I see thee stricken, and am pained,
Thy power to charm I feel thou hast retained.

A Schoolboy's Love.

THE recollections of our youth are sweet,
And sweeter to my memory none can be,
Dear Julia, than those early thoughts of thee,
Which I recall the pleasure to repeat.
Life has its troubles even to the boy,
And these I sadly felt, but for false friends
And irksome toils it more than made amends,
That thou wast near, whom to be near was joy.
I loved the spot where I might catch thy view :
Witness that nook, where I was wont to stand
Gazing, as if to see thy charms expand,
As day by day thy visage fairer grew :
And school, which schoolboys hate, I left with pain,
Doubting when I should see thy face again.

Incipient Love.

'TWAS at that age when love begins to warm
The hearts of youths fast ripening into men,
And when maids interest most, for nature then
Crowns with the blooming face the finished form ;

'Twas then, dear Julia, that I caught thy glance,
Darted perhaps unconsciously by thee,
Or at another aimed, it fell on me,
And made with new delight my young heart dance.
For there is pleasure in the wounds of love,
Nor would we heal them, had we such a balm ;
Better that perturbation than the calm
Of cold indifference, which no passions move :
Such was my state, till glancing on my breast,
A look from thee broke that insensate rest.

Progressive Love.

My heart was happier when I sighed for thee,
Than when with dull and sullen apathy
I knew not what it was to heave a sigh.
Life now possessed an interest for me,
An object was in view, nor far to seek,
On which with admiration I might gaze,
And, watching silently thy walks and ways,
Contrive to meet thee, venturing not to speak,
Save with mine eyes : a nearer interview
Was but a distant hope, not yet allowed,
For nought so timorous as love unavowed,
What most it covets, fearful to pursue.
But though I gained not what my heart desired,
The strong desire itself delight inspired.

Love diverted from its First Object.

Not often is the fond desire fulfilled
Of early love,—too many sigh in vain ;
And few who nurse a first attachment gain
The cherished object. So kind Heaven has willed,
Consulting less our pleasure than our good,
And thus my youthful wish with thee to wed
As premature and rash was frustratèd
By separation from thy neighbourhood.
And hence another love supplanted thine.
Thee, too, imperious circumstances drew
Where other ties were formed, whence haply grew
Affections which had no concern with mine.
But though for long, long years we never met,
Too well I loved thee ever to forget.

Love's Hope revived.

'TWAS not allowed to blend my fate with thine,
In early youth or in maturer years :
That happiness, so long delayed, appears
Reserved at last to solace life's decline.
Else, wherefore, when my head with age is hoar,
As to a heart yet youthful has returned
Its first affections, and the flame, that burned
At twenty-one, revived at near threescore ?

Or say why Providence has placed me here,
Where frequent converse I might hold with thee,
But that our constant intercourse might be
The prelude of a union yet more near?
It seems an intimation from above,
Heaven's late consent to crown an early love.

Late, but not Too Late.

I LOVED thee from my youth, and love instilled
Sweet drops of hope that, at some distant day,
Thou wouldest be mine : nor has it passed away,—
That early hope yet waits to be fulfilled.
'Tis late, but not "too late ;" the age of man
I have not nearly reached, and though our day
Is far advanced, we, Heaven permitting, may
Look forward to some lengthening of our span.
Our best of life, alas, has long expired :
But to possess affection's object dear,
For some few years, if not for many a year,
This were a union still to be desired.
Nature craves bliss, and every wiser one
Prefers a short-lived happiness to none.

Hope, not Presumption.

THE future is not ours, and hence to boast
Of that to-morrow which we may not see,
This holy teachers to condemn agree.
Yet deem not him presumptuous, who, at most,

Looks forward with submission to the Power
That all unseen th' events of life directs,
And good from His good Providence expects ;
Foreseeing sunshine through the clouds that lower,
He trusts to have his wish, if Heaven so will :
This is instinctive hope, a spark divine,
Left in our nature that it may not pine,
Nor want a counterpoise to present ill.
This let us cherish, and it will suggest
That at some future time we shall be blest.

Love not satisfied with Friendship.

To cherish love, and not admit its end,
A happy union, is to violate
Our nature, which desires the nuptial state.
Friendship can only satisfy the friend,
It disappoints the lover, and destroys
Visions of happiness indulged too long :
One so defrauded seems to suffer wrong,
Debarred his hope of sweet domestic joys.
Julia, wouldst thou be loved, and not possessed ?
Know that the love of man can ill subsist
Without possession, and that object missed,
So much is lost, he cares not for the rest ;
Too surely though thy precious heart were mine,
Apart from thy dear person I should pine.

A Helpmate not a Hindrance.

BETWEEN thy heart and heaven I would not stand,
But let me be companion of thy way ;
So should we walk less liable to stray,
The narrow path pursuing, hand in hand.
For mate to mate can mutual succour bring,
When each has chosen well the better part ;
The holy tie that binds them, heart to heart,
Helping their heavenward course, not hindering.
Swayed by one principle, their minds engage
In one pursuit of objects good and high,
In common prayers, in deeds of charity,
In joint perusal of the sacred page.
A pair united in a course like this,
True yoke-fellows, may travel on to bliss.

To Julia suffering severely.

JULIA, the wish I formed for thee,
That thou might'st live exempt from pain,
Though dictated by love it be,
An erring wish, is formed in vain.

I hear, and be assured I hear
Not without sympathizing grief,
That racked by suffering severe,
Thy tender frame yet wants relief.

And such relief that thou mayst find,
Has been my first desire and prayer :
My next that thou mayst be resigned,
Meekly what must be borne to bear.

For when its end is understood,
Pain has a purifying power,
Persuading us that God is good,
Good even in the torturing hour ;

A truth familiar to thy mind,
Long disciplined by sharp distress :
The discipline, we know, was kind,
Though love will ever wish it less.

If thou must suffer (and we see
That good in seeming ill may lurk),
Short be thy trial, and in thee
May patience have her perfect work.

Love's Hope Extinguished^{P.}

WHATE'ER it ardently desires, the mind
Imagines fondly that Heaven wills it too,
And confirmation of its partial view
In every casual circumstance can find.

^P The above was written after Julia's death. For verses to her memory,
see p. 36.

So when renewed acquaintance re-inspired
The hope of that sweet union which I sought,
There came, engendered by the wish, the thought,
That Providence designed what I desired.
Too rashly we conclude what Heaven has willed,
The event itself, not here to be foreknown,
His purpose manifests, and that alone ;
Which in thy fate, dear Julia, was fulfilled ;
Thy happiness on earth was not to be !
Heaven had reserved a higher bliss for thee.

On the Death of Julia's Mother, following close upon her own.

Thy mother, Julia, soon has followed thee,
To that unseen abode where spirits dwell ;
And to our apprehensions it is well,
That souls so linked long parted should not be.
How had she missed, could she have tarried here,
Thy care so constant, and attendance kind,
And the mild force which ruled a wayward mind,
To second childishness and dotage near.
The friendly part in vain had others tried,
Help and support acceptable to her
Thy gentle hand alone could minister.
Kind nurse ! whose place was not to be supplied,
Thy spirit seemed to summon her away,
Where thou wast gone, her comfort and her stay.

High Church, Low Church, and Broad Church.

HIGH Church and Low Church with each other vie,
Alike exclusive in their bigotry ;
In other points however ill-agreed,
Alike tenacious of a damning creed :
They curse the weak in faith, whom, we believe,
God will not curse, but lovingly receive.
The Broad Church gives and claims a latitude,
And all good men would in its pale include.
Man's Church is narrow, but the Church of God
Is comprehensive, liberal, and broad :
And members of that Church we claim to be,
Who love the truth, and whom the truth makes free.

The old Father to his Children, upon their wishing him Many Happy Returns of his Birthday.

ARRIVED at years when friends without offence
May call me old, I cannot hope to see
The many birthdays you desire for me :
My thoughts should dwell on my departure hence :
But life is pleasant still, and, God be thanked !
My comforts and enjoyments are not few,
Of which the best are those I owe to you,
My children, first among my blessings ranked.

Sons, who have been my pride and are my stay,
Whose willing bounty makes my troubles light,
And daughters kindly careful to requite
A father's care ; ye give me cause to pray
For lengthened life, who do your best to cheer
And make me happy while I sojourn here.

Recollections of our Father, and our Father's House.

THE pleasures of the world, which charm the crowd,
Might seem to stricter Christians not allowed ;
I have my doubts, but grant them innocent,
They yield not satisfaction or content.
From these it is your lot to be debarred,
My daughters, and, I fear, ye deem it hard :
Yet such privations are no real ill,
While blessings manifold are left you still,
And I persuade myself the time will come
When ye will own you had a happy home :
For pleasures, not perceived till they are past,
As we look back, are recognised at last,
And happiness, like health, which lost we prize,
Is most enjoyed when least our thoughts it occupies.
"Our father's house," hereafter ye will say,
"It had its quiet joys, though seldom gay.

Alas, poor father ! now that he is gone,
Let justice to his memory be done ;
Though more indulgent parents there might be,
Ungentle rather than unkind was he.
Our welfare he desired and understood,
Our pleasure less regarding than our good ;
We had his blessing and his prayers we know,
And who can tell how much to them we owe ?
Perhaps for moral reasons unavowed,
He checked our mixing with the thoughtless crowd,
Who, satisfied to live as others live,
Seek in the world the bliss it cannot give.
Preferring to the broad the narrow way,
He wished us rather to be good than gay.

“ His chief enjoyment drawing from within,
And ever reading (his besetting sin) ;
Books he preferred to men, except a few,
And said less dull he thought them and more true.
No need for him to go abroad for mirth,
Who found it at his own domestic hearth,
Round which we gathered, with our numbers full,
A lively group, nor ever wholly dull ;
For home some favourite object still supplies,
Or some pursuit before which dulness flies.
There duty works in her allotted sphere,
And things that interest us are ever near :

And thus our father to his loved fireside,
By pleasure and engagement both, was tied.
There self-imposed grave studies he pursued,
Relieved by many a welcome interlude ;
There basked his pet, half-conscious of his praise,
'The good old cat,' who seemed to know our
ways,
Who watched our hours of meals and would be
fed,
But knelt abstracted while the prayers were read,
Which made our father jocularly say,
'See Puss, who came to feed, remains to pray !'
For in his mind the serious and the light
Were strangely mixed, like 'spirits black and white.'
And often gloomy thoughts which made him sigh
Were broken off by bursts of drollery.
When those, who heard how heartily he laughed
At his own fancies, might have thought him 'daft.'

" Yet was he grave,—the gay would say morose,
But in congenial company jocose ;
Where this could not be found, he kept away,
Avoiding feasts whose object was display.
Thus in society we seldom mixed,
Economy besides a limit fixed ;
Not rich, nor aping vainly those who were,
Nor from the ways of prudence apt to err,

We entertained, with little form or fuss,
Those whom we loved, and who, we thought,
 loved us.
For chased from formal parties mirth attends
The freer meetings of familiar friends :
Such gatherings not ungenial are a proof
All was not dull beneath our father's roof.

“ Our days not idly spent left evenings free
For lighter work, which passed off merrily ;
While livelier readings, to amuse designed,
Agreeably relaxed our father's mind ;
Or harmless pastime with a cheering power
Refreshed his spirits, and beguiled an hour.
For mental labour those who love it tires,
And recreation studious age requires.
Relieved by this brief interval of rest,
His books he would resume with heartier zest,
Or listen while we read aloud, to save
His failing sight, the works we thought too grave.
Thus were we led, almost against our will,
To gather knowledge which to want is ill ^q :
Nor did we grudge the service of our eyes,
Due, as we thought, to his infirmities :
Which if some little sacrifice it cost,
On him, we felt, our labour was not lost.

^q “ That the soul be without knowledge is not good.”—*Proverbs.*

Though at a humble distance we essayed
To emulate his favourite Theban maid^r,
Who not a trouble but a pleasure thought
Her painful service for a father wrought ;
But falling short of this, we did our best
To make him happy, as himself confessed.
"Twas thus beneath a father's natural sway,
Our early life untroubled passed away,
Not without happiness, as much at least
As God allows us here, a stinted feast.

" And now, whate'er our future lot may be,
In solitude or crowds, in gloom or glee,
Our father's house we shall not soon forget,
Nor think of him without a fond regret."

^r Antigone, whose sentiment is here expressed almost literally. (See *OEdip. Colon.*, *sub finem*.)

ADDITIONAL POEMS.

Omitted in the "Poems Moral and Religious."

On the Death of Children.

MOURN not for children, snatched from this world's
harms,
And safe within their heavenly Father's arms !
Though nature, weak in faith, to keep them prays,
Who knows the risk incurred by length of days ?
Secure in innocence 'tis best to go,
And innocence is lost too soon below ;
They hazard by their stay a happier sphere,
We wish them evil when we wish them here.

A Prayer for a Prudent Wife.

THOU, who hast written in thy Word
"A prudent wife is from the Lord*",
If that dear object most desired
Be prudent in the sense inspired,
If she would prove the virtuous wife
Such as thou giv'st to bless man's life,

(And this is only known to thee,
Who all our characters canst see,)
On me the precious gift bestow
That we may live in love below,
And finally may both attain
The perfect bliss sought here in vain.

Grant this, kind Father, for His sake
Who of our flesh did once partake,
Who felt the force of human ties,
And with them still can sympathize.

**To Eleanor, upon her completing her
Twenty-first Year^b.**

DEAR to my soul, for whom 'tis sweet to pray,
This was the prayer that closed thy natal day ;
Thy years of childhood, Eleanor, are past,—
O may the innocence of childhood last !
On infancy, we read, the Saviour smiled,
And each disciple must be still a child,
Docile and duteous, lowly without shame,
Fond without guile, and happy without blame.
If such thou hast appeared to partial love,
Such in the sight of Heaven thyself approve.

^b Afterwards the Author's wife.

Glances at our Future State.

OUR conjectures, dear lady, perhaps are not wise,
Respecting a state which is hid from our eyes :
Of whose nature so little we find is revealed,
The rest for good reasons, we doubt not, concealed.

Of future re-union we cherish the thought ;
But can only believe what our Master has taught :
Where the ties were but carnal, we must not conclude
That earthly connections in heaven are renewed ^o.

Yet we learn from His Word, when aright understood,
That the good are united again with the good :
Love, essential to bliss, is continued above,
But reserved for meet objects who merit that love.

Here the good and the bad our mixed kindred com-
pose,
But these in the next world are severed from those :
The Angel of Death has a charge to divide
The worthless and worthy, here closely allied.

The sire now in bliss is not shocked by the sight
Of his reprobate son, who is banished from light :
No more the vile husband will vex his meek mate,
From his thraldom released in a separate state.

^o We read in the Life of the Rev. F. W. Robertson, late of Brighton : "He startled us by saying, that he saw no cause, either in Scripture or reason, for believing that there was any universal law of recognition. Spiritual like-
nesses, he said, would draw together."

The conjugal union ceases in heaven,
Which seldom on earth is unmixed with leaven :
Many pairs are ill-mated and pine with remorse,
To whom even death were a welcome divorce.

“Flesh and blood” cannot enter the regions of bliss,
Nor the passions that cleave to a nature like this :
Man’s love of its grossness is purified there,
It could not breathe else in that delicate air.

We shall be as the angels in heaven, we are told,
To intrude into things yet unseen were too bold :
That “the saved” will be happy is all that we know,
Enough for our caution and comfort below.

Remembrance of an Early Love.

DEAR Mary, mindful of our by-gone days,
My failing muse reserves a verse for thee,
Thou wast the subject of her earliest lays,
And meritest her latest theme to be ;
But slow it comes, wrung from exhausted brains,
Slow as the current in these aged veins.

Not like the ditties which to thee I sung,
While early love supplied poetic fire,
When thou wast in thy prime, and both were young,
And sentiments which thou couldst well inspire
I was by nature formed to feel as well,
For thou wast fair, and I susceptible.

I well remember when from school I came,
And saw the playmate of my childhood grown
A blooming maiden, how I caught the flame
Of tender passion, until then not known !
But early love in man is brief, they say,
"Forward, not permanent⁴," it passed away.

To fond anticipations youth is prone,
Which life is certain not to realise :
And then so little had we seen or known,
We might have entertained a vague surmise,
That for each other we perhaps were meant,
An error soon corrected by the event.

Sent by the Providence that ruled my fate,
A charmer who eclipsed all rivals drew
My heart to her. It was my destined mate !
Yet to thy merit I continued true :
That transient passion left behind at least
Affection and esteem, which have not ceased.

These, not depending upon charms that fade,
(Of which weak man is yet unwisely fond,)
Are won by worth that lasts still undecayed,
To latest age surviving, and beyond ;
For time which mars the form, and spoils the face,
Spares that more estimable moral grace.

⁴ Hamlet.

Fraternal love thou well might'st claim from me,
Who, born my kinswoman, wast more, I felt ;
For as a sister I regarded thee,
While under the same roof for years we dwelt :
Still more, when wedded to my brother dear,
And brought by that affinity so near.

Thus close connected we through life have gone ;
And, as we grew from childhood up to age,
By kindred feelings towards each other drawn :
So may we not indulge in that presage
Of pious hope, that death will not divide
Those who were here united and allied ?

“Friend, go up higher.”

To a Lady, who fancied that the Writer would have a higher
place in Heaven than herself.

DEAR Lady, your sex have an amiable fault,
They love above measure their friends to exalt :
But thou beyond earth wouldest that error extend,
And even in heaven yield the palm to thy friend.

Else wouldest thou assign a more eminent place
To me than thyself, in the kingdom of grace ?
For what if my knowledge be greater than thine,
Thy charity still was more active than mine.

And what though that hand can be active no more,
Thy will to do good is as prompt as before ;
And well we remember, in days that are past,
How thy powers were employed while permitted to
last.

I have heard thy poor neighbours thy kindness con-
fess,
I have seen thee relieving their wants and distress ;
My part it has been “pure religion” to teach,
To practise it, thine, which is more than to preach.

Though merit, nor preaching, nor practice can plead,
Yet there is a reward for each merciful deed ;
If advancement above on good actions depends,
Thy place will be higher in heaven than thy friend’s.

To Faithful, on her Mother’s Death.

WEEP, Faithful, it is right to weep, a mother such as
thine,
Deserves the tears her children shed, yet mayst thou
not repine ;
Let Resignation calm thy mind and moderate thy grief,
And in thine own reflections seek, and thou wilt find
relief.

Thy duty to that mother dear thou hast fulfilled so well,
It is a thought whereon thou mayst with satisfaction dwell ;
Then think of her as one released from trouble and from pain,
A meek and patient sufferer, whose death to her was gain.

Some say departed spirits have a sense of human woes,
If so, the wailings of their friends their peace might discompose ;
Their finer feelings it would hurt, if we should mourn for them,
As if we doubted of their bliss, a doubt they must condemn.

But pious tears (and such are thine) they gratefully receive,
Thy tender sex that tribute pays, while inwardly *we* grieve ;
For, Faithful, I thy sorrow share, though in a less degree,
Lamenting her, who all through life was near and dear to me.

I loved her in my childhood with that fondness which
a boy
Conceives for a good-natured girl, his playmate not
yet coy :
And in my youth I loved her with a more impassioned
flame ;
But when maturer age arrived, which renders passion
tame,

I loved her with a brother's love, less ardent and
more pure,
A calm affection, such as may beyond the grave
endure :
And since where love has been, regret will in propor-
tion be,
Judge, Faithful, how, regretting her, I sympathize
with thee.

17







